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ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

The SPECULATIST.

No. I.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

AS I am a man of leisure, I frequently amuse myself with turning over the pages of your Magazine. I conceive your undertaking to be highly laudable, and wish you all success; notwithstanding, I perceive that you and I differ materially in our opinions respecting the true purposes of such a publication. According to my opinion, a Magazine is not a volume from which, by laborious research, the divine, the philosopher, or the politician may extract materials to build some abstruse hypothesis, but a book whose every page should be fraught with some simple truth, some touching, moral precept, which comes home to the understanding and the heart; a book to which the studious man may have recourse in a moment of relaxation, and from which, even the idle and the dissipated shall not rise without improvement. Since, then, not only to inform the understanding, but to delight the fancy, is the double purpose of the Magazine essayist, he is not always obliged to ransack the store-houses of memory and reflection; not to march, with metaphysic gravity, through a long series of inductions and conclusions: his task is sometimes more pleasing and less arduous. The wide theatre of life and manners is displayed before him, and the individual actors may be compelled to labour for the promotion of that end to which his efforts are directed. Nor is he confined to real life: the flowery fields of imagination are open to his researches; and they may, by judicious cultivation, be made to yield a plenteous harvest of wholesome fruits.

If, with this diversity of opinions, you think that my leisure hours may be made subservient to your purposes, you shall sometimes hear from me. But I am apprehensive that the dissipated, or the contentious world, will be but little amused by the miscellaneous speculations of an old man, whose bosom has long ceased to be warmed by the smile of beauty, or to flutter at the call of what is falsely termed pleasure; who is retired from the walks of business, and who hears the hum of politicians as at a distance. Your young, and your-

voluptuous readers, will think me splenetic; and your learned ones will turn, with a sneer, from my lucubrations. To inſtruct, or to please extensively, is the lot of but few, and is far beyond my utmost expectation. I therefore beg the scientific gentlemen not to be disturbed by me, but quietly turn to another page. I do not even claim attention from the vain, the licentious, or the fashionable; they are too much occupied by noisy amusement to listen to my simple narrations, or to be edified by my antiquated precepts. If my efforts serve to corroborate one just sentiment, or one worthy purpose of an individual of the few who read my reflections, I shall be amply recompenced for my labours.

Perhaps it is incident to all men to grow a little cynical, when, like me, they have outlived that buoyancy of youthful spirits which gives to social and colloquial pleasures, a peculiar relish. They are apt to forget, that in the course of nature, their own powers of enjoyment are impaired; and absurdly imagine, that of the race who at present occupy the scene of action, the women are less beautiful, and the men less accomplished, than their uncles, aunts, and grandmothers. Possibly the same error may extend to moral considerations, and that those who have discovered the deceptions to which the ardour of youthful benevolence may have sometimes exposed them, who are detached from society by age and infirmities, and so situated as to be, in some degree, able to penetrate into the motives of the actors or speakers, may too haſtily conclude that the general mass of virtue is less than it was fifty years ago. The vigour of hope is impaired by reiterated disappointments, and the warmth of confidence abated by multiplied instances of treachery. Men no longer indulge feelings which they have so frequently proved to be fallacious, but, by degrees, learn to compare that which is indirectly known with that which is directly visible, and thus form their general estimate of those around them. By this regular operation of the judgment, society loses the magic charm which it derived from novelty and juvenile ignorance; and hence our representations of life will be less glowing, but more accurate. Something of this asperity may, at times, be visible in my remarks; if it should, let it be placed to the account of age and misfortune.

In this introduction to your notice, I confess I feel at a loss what appellation I shall bestow upon myself. If I mean to confine myself to observing men and manners, and simply relating the facts I witness, I might call myself an observer. But as I shall sometimes go further, and attempt to decorate the pictures of fancy with truth-resembling hues—as I shall not only relate, but frequently examine and compare facts by the standard of my own principles and opinions, and as my systems may, by the bulk of your readers, be stiled Utopian, I am content to usher them to the world as mere speculations. Call me, then, the

SPECULATIST.

New Mathematical Queſtions.

Queſtion I. *By* G. BARRON.

AN old mathematician being asked the time of the day, answered, "It is past nine; the hour and minute hands of my watch are past their point of coincidence for the present hour, and the angle subtended by the hands, is now equal to one third of the angle subtended by the hour hand and the line of twelve." Required the time.

Question 2. *By* J. COMMERCE.

Five merchants, A, B, C, D, and E, resolved to trade in company, and agreed that A should advance $\frac{3}{7}$ of their capital, B $\frac{5}{24}$, C $\frac{1}{9}$, D $\frac{2}{15}$, and E the rest. By an unforeseen accident, C was prevented from joining the company; but A, B, D, and E advanced their respective shares according to agreement, and in one year, the profits of their trade amounted to 100,000 dollars. How must this sum be divided among A, B, D, and E?

Question 3. *By* ANALYTICUS.

A young lady's age in years, is to her height in inches as 5 to 16, the square of her age is to her fortune as 25 to 37044, and her fortune, in dollars, is equal to the cube of the sum of her height and age. Required her height, age, and fortune.

Remarks on a Passage in Virgil.

VISITING my friend Crito, lately, I found him in his closet poring over a collection of metrical romances, by some of the old Troubadours. I could not help censuring that perverse taste which could find pleasure in the monsters and prodigies of the Gothic romance, and expressed much contempt for their incredible exploits, their absurd images, their lame allegory, their spells, and giants, and winged dragons, their halls of gold, and their bridges of glass.

"How can I help myself?" replied my friend. "I love poetry. If I cannot find it separate from these follies and absurdities, I must take them together. I am shocked by the incongruities you mention; but since every maker of verse supposes himself under a necessity of spurning at probability and common sense, and adorning his tale with the creatures of vulgar superstition, I must indure it as well as I can, and draw pleasure from his vivid colouring, his prolific invention, and the music of his numbers."

"Surely," said I, "all poets are not liable to this censure. You have been unlucky in your choice. You waste that time among the rabble of Provençal ballad-mongers, which should be devoted to the great masters of the art; to those who join a pure taste with their rich invention, enlightened principles of morals, thorough skill in pourtraying the passions, and knowledge of the laws of composition; whose descriptions flow from observation, whose images are chaste and correct, and whose language is, at once, musical and picturesque."

"And pray, where are such people to be met with?"

"Your question surprises me. If I did not know that you are a classical scholar, and if I did not see Virgil and Lucretius lying on that shelf, I should be less surprised."

"Virgil and Lucretius? Are these then your patterns of enlightened morals, pure taste, and immaculate chastity?"

"Assuredly. Have you any fault to find with them?"

"Nay, I should be glad to know wherein the Æneid is superior to the stories of the Tuscan and Provençals, and particularly to the fairy tale of Spenser. I grant you, it is longer and more complex than the plots of Gothic story-tellers generally are; but in dignity of moral principles, in congruity of metaphors, and the consistency of their incidents with probability and truth, I am far from perceiving the superiority of Attics and Romans to the historiographers of Arthur and Roland."

"I know your temper," said I, "you love paradox and ſingularity; but ſurely you have chosen an unlucky topic, on which to display your ſingularity."

"Very likely. I am no claſſical ſcholar. I read Virgil with unlearned eyes. Being gifted with no preternatural ſagacity, and having no prejudice in favour of one ſcheme of ſuperſtition and folly over another, I regard the miracles and fictions of the Roman poets, just as I do those of the Saxon or Welsh. I find in them both puerilities and contradictions, ridiculous ſolemnity, and misplaced reverence; but am far from diſcovering leſs impertinence and nonſenſe in Virgil than in Spenſer. Creatures in human ſhape that ride in chariots through the air, or ſit in a circle at the bottom of the ſea, ſinging ſongs and knitting flowers, or that glide along the ſurface in a two-wheeled carriage, drawn by dolphins: trees that bear apples and peaches of gold, that diſtil human blood, and that ſpeak: giants with one eye in their forehead: a witch that can ſhew the way to hell, and unfold future events: dogs with three heads: arms forged by a god: omens, predictions, and oracles without number: men that are carried from place to place through the air, and that can make themſelves viſible or inviſible at pleaſure; that viſit, while alive, the abode of the dead, and ſee and converſe with not only thoſe who died an hundred years before, but thoſe who are deſtined to come into exiſtence *a thouſand years after!* All theſe are ſilly incongruities, which do not the leſs offend me becauſe they are found in the Æneid of Virgil.

"There is the book: take it down and read a paſſage. Perhaps, with your aſſiſtance, I may diſcover beauties and graces that are inviſible to common and unlearned eyes."

I took down the book as he directed, and opening it, at random, lighted on the deſcription of Æolus and the priſon of the winds. "Here," ſaid I, "is a deſcription which is much celebrated. I would be glad to hear your opinion of it. Being ready and willing to detect its faults, you will, no doubt, find or invent ſome; and I ſhall, at leaſt, be amuſed with an uncommon ſpectacle. Readers, hitherto, have only ſought for objects to admire and applaud, and hence all have conſpired to exalt the merits of this poet. He has faults, no doubt, but they have been ſolicitouſly diſguiſed or overlooked. Liſten." I now read aloud, pauſing at every ſentence to afford him an opportunity of commenting.

Talia flammato ſecum Dea corde volutans
Nimbor' in patriam, loca fœta furentibus auſtris,
Æoliam venit.

"Well," ſaid Crito, "the goddeſs, full of her new ſcheme, poſts away to Æolia, which, it ſeems, is the native country of *rainy clouds* and *ſouth winds*. I am not wiſe enough to ſay why Æolia was originally fixed upon as the birth-place of *Auſter* and *Nimbus*, and as their head-quarters, whence they might make occaſional excurſions, and to which, when they were tired of raining and blowing, they might return. Æolia, we all know, is a maritime province of the leſſer Aſia. It lies *northward* of the Mediterranean ſea, on which the Trojan fleet was ſailing; and, to no part of that ſea, has it a *ſouthern* bearing.

"It is allowable, perhaps, to perſonify the wind; but how? Shall we, as uſual, place fans upon his ſhoulders, and thus repreſent him as producing gales by a motion ſimilar to that of a fan? In this caſe the figure need not be neceſſarily in motion: the motion of his wings is ſufficient. If theſe be flapping, the god himſelf may be perch-

ed upon a rock or hill, and he may merely turn himself round to make the gale proceed from opposite quarters.

"If our personification omit the fans, and, by puffing up his cheeks and opening his lips, depict him as occasioning commotions of the elements, by the mere breath of his mouth, we shall produce a more analogous image. He may still be described as stationary, but his position, with regard to us who feel his breath, must correspond with the course of the wind. A south wind cannot justly be described as placed upon a northern mountain, nor a northern blast to come from the south. The dreams of a barbarous superstition had given body, soul, and name to the winds, and shut them up in caverns on the coast of *Asia Minor*. Their king, according to the legend, was Æolus, who let them loose, or kept them fast, according to his pleasure. When another god had a selfish end to answer, by raising a storm, he prevailed on Æolus to unchain his winds, by the tempting offer of a splendid robe, or a beautiful female; but our poet wanted to raise a storm, and, in doing so, thought it best to stick to this crazy and chimerical system. Hence his machinery is grotesque, puerile, and ridiculous. Who but must laugh when he sees that this marvellous tale was designed to enforce the pretentions of a tyrant to a divine pedigree? Cæsar was fond of tracing up *his house* to a certain emigrant from Troy, who was the fruit of an amour between a goddess and a mortal. Octavius hugged the same phantom, and Virgil's business was to write a legend, in which the whole marvellous adventure was recounted, and was copiously intermixed with prodigies and miracles.

"So fond were the Romans of their Trojan ancestry, that, as is well known, the project was once soberly adopted by Augustus, of transferring the seat of the empire to the scite of the old town of Illium. This prejudice kept such long, and such fast hold, that three hundred years after the scheme was revived by Constantine, and considerable progress was made in re-edifying Troy, which was to be, thenceforth, the mistress of the nations. But let us return to our text.

"You, who are a Latinist, may be able to explain the use of the word *secum* in this passage. To mere English ears, it is a manifest redundancy. 'Volutans flammato corde,' seem to be sufficient without secum. She revolves, she *rolls over* in her *heart, with herself.*

"The nimbi and austres are, in this place, persons. The austres are made to *rage* (furentibus). The Roman word patria, has no corresponding word in English. The word *country* does not so strictly reply a social and political relation as patria. Loca fœta is an enforcement of the metaphor, and is beautiful.

"Having finished her journey, what is the next proceeding of the goddess?

Hîc vaſto rex Æolus antro
Luctantes ventos, tempeſtates que ſonoras
Imperio premit, ac vinclis et carcere
frænat.

"A new personage," resumed the critic, "is now introduced to our acquaintance. It is Æolus. His office is described. In the first place, he appears to be a king (rex). The objects of his government are the winds. Consistently with these ideas, it may be said that *imperio premit.*

"This general description soon becomes particular; but the particularity belongs to a totally new scene. From a king, by whom a mere *imperium* is exercised, he suddenly sinks into a jailer, or rather a mad-house keeper. A vast cave, which serves as their dungeon, and

in which they are chained, succeeds to those beneficent images connected with *locum fœtum* and *patria*.

"The subjects of this restraint are here described under two names: venti, tempestates. I shall not inquire how far precision of language or ideas is here preserved. These conditions of the air are personified. To describe the winds as struggling and impatient (luctantes), is just and forcible. But what shall we expect of tempests? If the measure of his verse induced the poet to subjoin some epithet to tempests, we might naturally imagine that some one would be used denoting a still higher degree of turbulence and opposition, and not that the metaphor should be suddenly dropped; that tempests from mortal beings, indignant of oppression and restraint, should sink into mere blasts, and be distinguished by nothing but sound (sonoras). The austres furentes and venti luctantes, gave us reason to expect somewhat very different from, and far less tasteless and trite, than tempestates *sonoras*.

"It is common to represent moral restraint metaphorically, as *bridling* or *curbing* the passions (frænatio), in allusion to the mode of restraining an horse; but our metaphor should be, at least, consistent with itself. We surely cannot say that we *bridle* men with *chains* (frænat vinclis), much less can we talk of bridling or curbing them with a *prison* (fræ nat carcere). But go on.

Celsâ ſedet Æolus arce
Sceptra tenens: Mollit q' animos et temperat iras.

"King Æolus is here displayed to our view, sitting on a high peak (arx celsa), holding the ensign of royalty, a sceptre. A sceptred figure, sitting alone upon an high rock, constitutes a grotesque picture. Such a throne seems unsuitable for majesty. We should not expect that a king, without visible attendants or ministers, should sit in state upon an hill, with a sceptre in his hand.

"The monarch thus tricked out with the emblems of royalty, was just depicted as a jailer, and as superintending a prison where certain maniacs were shut up in dungeons, and bound down with chains. Is not this incongruous? But, not to dwell upon this, the poet, not satisfied with the description already given of his functions, now adds that 'Mollit animos et temperat iras.'

"In the first place, these terms would aptly enough describe the influence exerted by a sage, who employs only arguments and intreaties, but are wholly unsuited to the office either of a king, who is shewn to us sitting in idle state; or for a jailer, who governs the refractory by means of bolts and chains.

"We owe much of poetry not to the spontaneous impulse of genius, but to the necessity of prolonging sentences and filling up vacuities. So many syllables are required to complete a line of six feet. These syllables must be short or long, and must succeed each other in a certain order. Instead, therefore, of merely seeking terms which convey our thoughts, we are hunting for those which have two or three syllables, and whose syllables dispose themselves into dactyls and spondees.

"If, after having fully conveyed our thoughts, the line is incomplete, what is to be done? Shall we begin a new sentence, or shall we contrive to piece out the former one? The first expedient may be sometimes practised, but a frequent recurrence would break up our style into discords and fragments. The last mode, whatever puzzlings and delays it cost us, we shall be obliged, generally, to adopt. This seems to be often a dilemma in which our

poet was entangled. On numberleſs occaſions, methinks I ſee him, after the fit of inſpiration has paſt, and been inſufficient to ſupply the due number of ſyllables, painfully ſearching for a new epithet, or a new form of expreſſion, by which the laſt thought may be repeated without ſameneſs and monotony, and drawing out the wire, already ſlender enough, into greater tenuity. We had juſt been told, concerning the empreſs Juno, that

Necdum etiam cauſæ irarum—*ſævique dolores*
Exciderant animo.

"In this line, our bard, not content with fully expreſſing his meaning, muſt fill up his verſe with vague repetition, or ambiguous redundancy. Juno's imagination is fraught with 'cauſæ irarum,' and they were all that belonged to her, but the line demanded that ſhe ſhould likewiſe have 'ſævi dolores.' The 'luctantes ventos,' were ſuitable enough, but the line was incomplete, and the 'tempeſtates ſonoras' were added. The office of king Æolus, had been previouſly deſcribed, both generally and circumſtantially. We have now his throne, his poſture, and his enſigns of command, but theſe do not fill up the verſe. Inſtead of leaving it unfilled, as is done in many other places in this poem, the poet, or ſome of his wiſe commentators, has recurred to the old ideas of his *office*, and repeated them once more, unſeaſonably and out of place, and in terms remarkably vague. The whole clauſe is impertinent; but the clauſe, itſelf, conſiſts of two parts, of which one is a ſort of echo to the other. What ſhould we think of the preciſion of an Engliſh poet, who having ſaid of ſome body that *he mollifies our paſſions*, immediately adds, *and temperſ our rage?*

"If you look a little forward, you will find another example of the ſame looſeneſs and repetition. Speaking of an orator, addreſſing a mob, he ſays that

Ille regit dictis animos—

"Very well; and what elſe?"
"Why—

Et pectora Mulcet.

"In ſhort, I queſtion whether any paſſage in this poet, if ſcrutinized with equal care, would be found leſs defective than this. Perhaps, indeed, you have been unlucky in falling upon this paſſage, where ſo many defects in compoſition, imagery, and ſentiment are evident, and where there is nothing unexceptionable but the metre. Whether the muſic of theſe lines flow from the peculiar art of the poet, or merely from the neceſſary ſtructure of the Roman tongue and the hexametrical variety of dactyls and ſpondees, I cannot, for my part, decide. Certain it is, that the muſic is exquiſite. In that reſpect I might prefer the legend of Æneas and Dido to that of Britomart or Paladour; but, in other requiſites of poetry, in luxuriance of invention, in luſtre of deſcription, in tenderneſs and eloquence of ſentiment, I ſhall ſtill aſſign the palm to the paſtoral, elegiac, and heroic of my own 'Colin Clout.'" X.

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*Séjour dans les Bois de la Caroline du Sud.**

Par J. Davis.

SUR la route de *Charleſton* à *Savannah*, & preſque à moitié chemin, ſe trouve un petit village qu'on appelle *Coosohatchie*. Ce fut à cinq milles de cet endroit que je

* This eſſay has been examined by a French gentleman of learning and taſte, who has expreſſed his opinion of the ſtyle in theſe words, "J'ai plutôt devoré que lu cette production, qui m'a enchanté par le naturel & les graces du ſtile." E.

passai l'hiver de 1798, & la plus grande partie du Printemps de l'année suivante. Le souvenir de ce sejour m'est bien doux, & je voudrois le decrire. C'etoit une chose toute nouvelle pour moi que de vivre dans la solitude des forêts de la Caroline du Sud. Mais outre cela le gout de la Poesïe commencoit dès-lors à se manifester en moi. Il s'étoit peut-être annoncé avant cette epoque, mais il n'avoit pas pris sur moi son empire absolu. Ayant toujours sous mes yeux les ouvrages des meilleurs Poëtes Anglois, & passionné pour la lecture des Collins & des Gray, je fus tenté de m'essayer dans la poesïe lyrique. Mon premier sujet fut celui de l'amour. Enfermé dans ma chambre, je passois souvent des nuits entieres en songeant à Eléonore, qui étoit belle sans orgueil, aimable sans coquetterie, & instruite sans pretensions. C'étoit une fille parfaite à tous égards. Sa figure réunissoit ce que les brunes ont de plus piquants, & les blondes de plus voluptueux. Combien de fois me suis je rapellé avec un vrai attendrissement ses beaux yeux noirs baignés de larmes de la plus douce sensibilité; son sourire mêlé de l'inquietude; le ton harmonieux de sa voix que je ne pus jamais entendre sans la plus vive emotion.

Ma demeure étoit chez un planteur qui m'avoit proposé l'education de ses enfans. La famille de Monsieur D——, etoit composée de Madame son espouse, de cinq filles, & d'un garçon qui avoit à peine atteint sa quatorzieme année. En un mot, c'étoit une famille assez agréable dans son ensemble pour un Precepteur, mais non pas pour un homme de lettres. Quant à la maison la situation en étoit toute sauvage; mais il y avoit une si grande monotonie dans l'aspect du pays que je ne pris pas grand plaisir à le contempler. C'etoit un Pays de plaine, qui m'inspira un sentiment de tristesse. Cependant je me plaisois à errer dans les bois vers le soir, & à perdre la vue de la plantation que j'habitois. Il est si doux de se trouver seul dans des lieux peu frequentés, & de s'abandonner à ses rêveries! Je prolongeois ainsi ma promenade, sans m'appercevoir que la nuit régnoit deja depuis long tems. Qu'il est delicieux de jouir du spectacle d'une belle nuit quand un beau clair de lune partout repandu donne aux objets champêtres un charme nouveau!

Qu'il me soit permis de parler ici d'une liason dont le souvenir me sera toujours bien precieux. J'avois fais connoissance à *Charleston* avec une jeune Irlandois appellé M. *George*, & cette connoissance devint ensuite un veritable attachement. Avec beaucoup d'esprit & un genie exquis pour la poesïe, M. *George* avoit les manières & l'air distingué. Nous etions aussi liés par le gout de caractère que par la sympathie de l'ame. Nous ne nous entretenions que de la literature, & je m'y livrai tout de bon. M. *George* étoit passionné pour la lecture de Virgile, & ce fut un bien pour moi. Enfin il fallut nous séparer, mais ce ne fut pas sans faire le serment de nous entretenir par lettres. Cet entretien par la poste etoit mon unique consolation à *Coosohatchie*. Que les epîtres de mon ami etoient charmantes. Tout y respiroit le bon gout. Jamais personne n'a su mieux se servir de la finesse qui saisit les ridicules. Tout ce qu'on peut rassembler d'esprit & de delicatesse est repandu dans ces epanchements de son cœur. Combien de fois me suis ecrié, la lettre à la main.

Ces entretiens charmans, ce commerce
si doux,
Ce plaisir de l'esprit, plaisir vif & tranquille
Est à ma triſteſſe le ſeul remede utile,
Ah! que j'aurois ſouffert ſans vous!

Quant à sa poesïe, elle est pleine de graces, & fait un des charmes les plus puissants de ses lettres.— Tels étoient les agréments de ma liason avec M. *George;* auquel je voudrois consacrer un Souvenir dans une langue qui le fera connôitre partout.

Ma vie à *Coosohatchie* étoit celle d'un solitaire. Je ne prenois pas plaisir à la chasse, & on ne parloit à table que de Negres & de Coton. L'espect affreux des esclaves, qui m'entouroient en foule, me faisoit mal au cœur; & je soupirois pour la terre où regnent l'humanité & l'independance. Dieu! avec quelle horreur j'entendois les cris des pauvres negres de tous côtés. Etre supreme! m'écriai je, que mon oreille n'entende plus les gemissemens du desespoir; que mes yeux ne tombent plus sur l'homme égorgeant son semblable!

Cependant je n'apperçus qu'avec plaisir le retour de la belle Saison, & le chant varié de l'Oiseau Moqueur etoit nouveau pour moi. Ces oiseaux se faisoient entendre de tous côtés dans la Plantation,* & sembloient se plaire à contrefaire le ramage de tout autre oiseau, qu'ils imitoient de la maniere la plus reconnoissable. Il est digne de remarque que ce bel oiseau chante la nuit quand il fait clair de lune. . . . . Je passois ordinairement les dimanches a parcourir le pays. C'est-la, selon moi, la seule maniere de voyager dont un Philosophe doive se servir. Soit en Angleterre, soit en Amerique, je n'ai jamais pu me resoudre à voyager autrement. Combien d'agréments se rassemblent dans les voyages pedestres! Que le piéton est gai, leger, content! On observe tout le pays, on part, on s'arrete sans assujetissement aux autres. On ne depend ni des chevaux, ni de l'equipage, ni du postillion. Quel bon appétit on gagne en marchant. Combien le cœur rit quand on approache du gîte. Quel doux sommeil on fait sur un grabat. Chacun à son gout; moi, quand je voyage, je voudrois faire route à pied. . . . . .

Les dimanches je prenois plaisir à m'égarer dans les bois. Ca & là je passois près d'une maison, ou plutôt d'une Plantation; mais frapper à la porte & demander l'hospitalité, c'eût été manquer à l'etiquette, ce qu'on ne pardonne pas volontiers dans ce pays-la. On n'étoit plus au temps d'Homere, où les voyageurs étoient reçus avec cette bonté qui protege. Cette remarque servira à faire connoître un Pays, où les hommes, dispersés dans les bois, ont emporté de la ville les façons du grand-monde. O mon lecteur, si vous êtes Européen, n'attendez pas non plus de l'Amerique la simplicité des mœurs, même dans les bois: n'en attendez que le luxe, la vanité, l'orgueil. Tout y est routine.

Voici un souvenir bien distinct qui me rest d'une de mes promenades solitaires. C'étoit le matin. J'étois sortis de bonne heure pour voir le lever du Soleil. On le voyoit s'annoncer de loin par les traits de feu qu'il lancoit au devant de lui. Ses premiers rayons doroient la terre, dont la verdure étoit couverte de la rosée qu'elle avoit recue durant la nuit. L'oiseau Moqueur, dont le gazouillement étoit encore foible, saluoit de son propre chant le pere de la vie. O! que le spectacle etoit beau, & que ma jouissance etoit pure! Comment le parfum des fleurs, le charme de la verdure, l'humide vapeur de la rosée, enchantoient mes sens! Quelle emotion voluptueuse me causoit le ramage des oiseaux. De retour au logis, j'entrai dans la salle, où trois

* J'emploie ce mot dans une acceptation angloiſe, faute de lui trouver un ſynonyme en françois.

enfans aussi beaux que le jour se trouvoient autonr de leur Maman, dont les propos caressants ajoutoient au spectacle un charme nouveau. Quel tableau riant pour un peintre! Les enfans m'accueillent avec des sourires enchanteurs. On m'appelle par mon nom. Que leur babil étoit charmant! Que leurs jeux folâtres étoient l'innocence même! Où est l'homme dont le cœur dur & froid ne se sente vivement emn aux mœurs de l'enfance.

Je m'accoutumai peu-à-peu à mon emploi de Precepteur. Tout alloit à merveille. J'etudiois l'esprit de mes éleves, & je réussissois auprès d'eux. J'en avois trois, dont deux etoient filles. La Cadette, qui pouvoit bien avoir neuf où dix ans, etoit d'une vivacité charmante. Son sourire exprimoit d'avance ce qu'elle alloit vous dire. Ses beaux yeux bleus peignoient toujours la situation de son cœur. C'étoit un charmant enfant, dont la beauté naissante promettoit d'egaler celle de sa Mere. Sa sœur plus agée de cinq ans, quoique moins jolie, avoit ce qui peut faire valoir la beauté. Elle étoit douce, aimable, sans etourderie. A l'égard de Monsieur le frere, c'étoit un garçon très-interessant; l'esprit ouvert, vif & joyeux. Je voulus m'attacher à ce petit bon-homme, le former, travailler à son education, mais sans me douner un air imposant, un œil severe, ou une voix rude & menaçante pour me faire redouter. C'est à vous, O Maîtres d'ecole, d'exercer la tyrannie d'un pedagogue importun. Pour moi, qui n'ai que l'honneur d'être simple Precepteur, je me garderai de vous imiter. . . . . Mon eleve aimoit la chasse en vrai Americain. Je me souviendrai des battemens de cœur qu'il éprouvoit au vol des premiers canards, & des transports de joie avec lesquels il tuoit un cerf dans les bois. Seul avec son chien, chargé de son fusil, de son fourniment, de sa petite proie, il revenoit le soir aussi heureux qu'il soit possible de l'être.

Pendant que mon éleve s'amusoit à la chasse, je me livrois aux objets purs & simples de la Nature. Avec quel transport je suis allé dans les bois d'alentour chercher la première violette, & épier le premier bourgeon. Que le chant de l'Oiseau Moqueur me faisoit tressaillir d'aise! Combien de fois ne me suis-je pas surpris dans mes promenades solitaires l'œil humide, & le cœur comprimé de la volupté de douleur. Oh! qui n'a point eprouvé cet excès de sensibilité que les merveilles de la Nature inspirent en se promenant seul dans la Campagne! . . Qui ne s'est point arrêté, interdit, devant un horizon couvert de forêts immenses. Dans ces momens d'extase les mains se levent vers le Createur de l'Univers, le cœur bat, & l'esprit contemple en silence. . . . . Revenons à mes occupations. Depuis le jour où j'arrivai chez M D—— jusqu'au retour du printemps, je passai toujours la nuit & une partie du matin soit à lire où à ecrire devant un bon feu dans ma chambre. Je commencois par quelque livre latin, comme Horace, Virgile, Ovide; & finissois par les Confessions de l'éloquent Citoyen de Geneve. Un des plus grands ecrivains du dix-huitième siécle fut assurément M. de Rousseau. Que ses recits sont touchants quand il parle de ses chères Charmettes, de ses bosquets, de ses ruisseaux. On est toujours présent à chaque scene dont il fait le tableau. Que le caractère de Maman est peint d'après la Nature. Il met tout ce qu'il raconte sous les yeux du lecteur. On ne croit plus lire, on croit voir. Le goût que je pris à la lecture des Confessions m'inspira le desir à ecrire en francois; dont

les qualités distinctives sont la clarté & la precision. Je ne sai si j'y ai reussi.

Outre les écoliers dont j'ai parlé, Madame leur Mère me faisoit l'honneur de se proposer d'être elle-meme du nombre. C'étoit une personne à citer pour l'esprit orné, & pour l'élegance des mœurs. Nous lisions ensemble Gil Blas, & quelques Contes de Marmontel. C'étoit un spectacle singulier, du moins pour un etranger, que de voir une Dame des manieres les plus polies s'occuper des belles-lettres au milieu des bois les plus sauvages. Elles avoit de la lecture, & s'exprimoit avec grace. Du reste, la meilleure femme, & la mere la plus tendre que j'ai connue de mes jours.

Que ma vie eut été heureuse au sein de cette famille, si j'avois su en jouir. Mais il me resoit encore une humeur un peu volage, un desir de voyager & de parcourir le monde. Enfin degouté de ma vie, & plein des plus beaux projets pour l'avenir, je partis de la Caroline du Sud vivement emu des larmes de mes eleves qui je quittois pour toujours.

Coosohatchie adieu! O demeure tranquille, chambre où j'ai tant écrit, planchers que j'ai tant arrosés de mes pleurs, je vous salue! Je vous quitte, calme retraite, ou j'ai vecu loin du tumulte & du bruit. Restez toujours ouverte au voyageur egaré; recevez-le; qu'il trouve sous votre toît un abri contre la persecution, & que ce Monument que je vous ai erigé dans une langue etrangere, fasse connoître à son cœur attendri que vous fûtes habitée par un infortuné.

The Difference between History and Romance.

HISTORY and romance are terms that have never been very clearly distinguished from each other. It should seem that one dealt in fiction, and the other in truth; that one is a picture of the *probable* and certain, and the other a tissue of untruths; that one describes what *might* have happened, and what has *actually* happened, and the other what never had existance.

These distinctions seem to be just; but we shall find ourselves somewhat perplexed, when we attempt to reduce them to practice, and to ascertain, by their assistance, to what class this or that performance belongs.

Narratives, whether fictitious or true, may relate to the processes of nature, or the actions of men. The former, if not impenetrable by human faculties, must be acknowledged to be, hitherto, very imperfectly known. Curiosity is not satisfied with viewing facts in their disconnected state and natural order, but is prone to arrange them anew, and to deviate from present and sensible objects, into speculations on the past or future; it is eager to infer from the present state of things, their former or future condition.

The observer or experimentalist, therefore, who carefully watches, and faithfully enumerates the appearances which occur, may claim the appellation of historian. He who adorns these appearances with cause and effect, and traces resemblances between the past, distant, and future, with the present, performs a different part. He is a dealer, not in certainties, but probabilities, and is therefore a romancer.

An historian will relate the noises, the sights, and the smells that attend an eruption of Vesuvius. A romancer will describe, in the first place, the *contemporary* ebullitions and inflations, the combustion and decomposition that take place in the bowels of the earth. Next he will go to the origin of things, and de-

scribe the centrical, primary, and secondary orbs composing the universe, as masses thrown out of an immense volcano called *chaos*. Thirdly, he will paint the universal dissolution that is hereafter to be produced by the influence of volcanic or internal fire.

An historian will form catalogues of stars, and mark their positions at given times. A romancer will arrange them in *clusters*, and dispose them in *strata*, and inform you by what influences the orbs have been drawn into sociable knots and circles.

An electrical historian will describe appearances that happen when hollow cylinders of glass and metal are placed near each other, and the former is rubbed with a cloth. The romancer will replenish the space that exists between the sun and its train of planetary orbs, with a fluid called electrical; and describe the modes in which this fluid finds its way to the surface of these orbs through the intervenient atmosphere.

Historians can only differ in degrees of diligence and accuracy, but romancers may have more or less probability in their narrations. The same man is frequently both historian and romancer in the compass of the same work. Buffon, Linneus, and Herschel, are examples of this union. Their observations are as diligent as their theories are adventerous. Among the historians of nature, Haller was, perhaps, the most diligent: among romancers, he that came nearest to the truth was Newton.

It must not be denied that, though history be a term commonly applied to a catalogue of natural appearances, as well as to the recital of human actions, romance is chiefly limited to the latter. Some reluctance may be felt in calling Buffon and Herschel romancers, but that name will be readily conferred on Quintus Curtius and Sir Thomas More. There is a sufficient analogy, however, between objects and modes, in the physical and intellectual world, to justify the use of these distinctions in both cases.

Physical objects and appearances sometimes fall directly beneath our observation, and may be truly described. The duty of the *natural* historian is limited to this description. *Human* actions may likewise be observed, and be truly described. In this respect, the actions of *voluntary* and *involuntary* agents, are alike, but in other momentous respects they differ.

Curiosity is not content with noting and recording the *actions* of men. It likewise seeks to know the *motives* by which the agent is impelled to the performance of these actions; but motives are modifications of thought which cannot be subjected to the senses. They cannot be certainly known. They are merely topics of conjecture. Conjecture is the weighing of probabilities; the classification of probable events, according to the measure of probability possessed by each.

Actions of different men, or performed at different times, may be alike; but the motives leading to these actions must necessarily vary. In guessing at these motives, the knowing and sagacious will, of course, approach nearer to the truth than the ignorant and stupid; but the wise and the ignorant, the sagacious and stupid, when busy in assigning motives to actions, are not *historians* but *romancers*.

The motive is the cause, and therefore the antecedent of the action; but the action is likewise the cause of subsequent actions. Two contemporary and (so to speak) adjacent actions may both be faithfully described, because both may be witnessed; but the connection between them, that quality which

constitutes one the effect of the other, is mere matter of conjecture, and comes within the province, not of *history*, but *romance*.

The description of human actions is of moment merely as they are connected with motives and tendencies. The delineation of tendencies and motives implies a description of the action; but the action is describable without the accompanyment of tendencies and motives.

An action may be simply described, but such descriptions, though they alone be historical, are of no use as they stand singly and disjoined from tendencies and motives, in the page of the historian or the mind of the reader. The writer, therefore, who does not blend the two characters, is essentially defective. It is true, that facts simply described, may be connected and explained by the reader; and that the describer may, at least, claim the merit of supplying the builder with materials. The merit of him who drags stones together, must not be depreciated; but must not be compared with him who hews these stones into just proportions, and piles them up into convenient and magnificent fabrics.

That which is done beneath my own inspection, it is possible for me certainly to know and exactly to record; but that which is performed at a distance, either in time or place, is the theme of foreign testimony. If it be related by me, I relate not what I have witnessed, but what I derived from others who were witnesses. The subject of my senses is merely the existence of the record, and not the deed itself which is recorded. The truth of the action can be weighed in no scales but those of probability.

A voluntary action is not only connected with cause and effect, but is itself a series of motives and incidents subordinate and successive to each other. Every action differs from every other in the number and complexity of its parts, but the most simple and brief is capable of being analized into a thousand subdivisions. If it be witnessed by others, probabilities are lessened in proportion as the narrative is circumstantial.

These principles may be employed to illustrate the distinction between history and romance. If history relate what is true, its relations must be limited to what is known by the testimony of our senses. Its sphere, therefore, is extremely narrow. The facts to which we are immediate witnesses, are, indeed, numerous; but time and place merely connect them. Useful narratives must comprise facts linked together by some other circumstance. They must, commonly, consist of events, for a knowledge of which the narrator is indebted to the evidence of others. This evidence, though accompanied with different degrees of probability, can never give birth to certainty. How wide, then, if romance be the narrative of mere probabilities, is the empire of romance? This empire is absolute and undivided over the motives and tendencies of human actions. Over actions themselves, its dominion, though not unlimited, is yet very extensive.

X.

A Literary Ware-House.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

Sir,

Periodical works are intended to amuse the serious, relieve the diligent, fix the giddy, and employ the idle. Variety of topics is the first ingredient, and excellence in each kind cannot be dispensed with. There must be

many subjects discussed. They must be discussed in a light, familiar, and attractive manner. Elegance at one time, and profoundness at another, must be studied. Humour must be mingled with pathos; seriousness with gaiety; poetry with narrative; argument with ridicule, and eloquence with wit.

A *Magazine* ought literally to be a *shop* where stuffs of all conceivable or vendible kinds, where hemp from Russia, linen from Connaught, leather from Tunis, cotten from Hoquang, and silk from Aleppo, should be offered for sale, wrought into all textures, dyed of all colours, and cut into all shapes.

The austere or covetous œconomist, who seeks only what necessity requires; the man of taste, who is willing to purchase elegance at any price; the prodigal, who values a stuff in proportion to its cost; and the devotee to fashion, with whom novelty is all in all, should be readily and liberally supplied. The ware-house should contain the cheapest and expensivest, the coarsest and most delicate, most rare and most common, most necessary and most fashionable, ready made and to-be-made, far brought, and home-wrought commodities.

Thus supplied, the shopman may look for reputation, custom, and gain. He may expect his door to be crowded, his compter to be heaped, his ears to be dinned, his hands to be full, his eyes to be busy, and, last and *best* of all, his *till* to be overflowing.

A literary ware-house should be merely a type, on a larger scale, of a literary magazine. The shelves of one, like the pages of the other, should have something to answer the call, provoke the wishes, gratify the taste, and open the purse of the dealer in old coins, the enthusiast in broken freezes, and the porer upon musty rolls; the inquirer into ancient, and searcher into modern lore; the devotee to *Mathesis*, the votary of politics, the inamorato of the muse, the scholar of Heine, the disciple of Machiavelli, the follower of Newton, the partizan of Condillac, and the copyist of Rumford.

Riddles and connundrums to puzzle the fair; tales to transport the passions of the young, to call forth, at one time, laughter, and, at another, tears; dialogues, by turns, merry and grave, satyrical and monitory; portraits of gossips and statesmen, of students and foplings; disquisitions upon gazeous fluids, and patterns of vests; upon Egyptian battles, and new-fashioned saucepans; on the origin of pestilence, and the mechanism of a tooth-pick; on the theory of punishment, and the price of butter; on the topography of Saturn, and of Owyhee; on Tautochronous curves, and the era of Calioughan; gay epigrams, doleful elegies, apologues, prologues, ballads and enigmas, lyrics and heroics, should all be found alike in the greater Magazine, and in the less.

And now, having explained what a periodical work like yours ought to be, what general readers will naturally expect to find, and what your reputation and your interest equally command you to furnish, I might proceed to state how far you are actually deficient, and how much is wanting before your shop can hope to be frequented. This, however, would be an invidious, and I am afraid, a useless task. Your poverty and dullness are manifest enough, but, I fear, cannot be cured. It is a vice of nature, which art, therefore, which admonition and rebuke will avail nothing to correct.

I would gladly keep you to that zeal, wit and versatility; that power of changing colours and shapes; that store of practical and

ſpeculative knowledge, requiſite to make you, by turns, and within the compaſs of thirty days, and eighty pages, a ſtory-teller, dramatiſt, and *argumentaliſts;* a critic, poet, and ſtateſman; a weigher of fluids, a diſſector of ores, a guager of the ſtars, and a tryer of ſyllogiſms. I would give you all this power if you were capable of receiving it, or, what is of no leſs moment to be conſidered, if I had it to give. Be content, therefore, with my good wiſhes and my pity, and rank me with thoſe who are inclined to wink at your defects. You will never, at leaſt, be valued for leſs than you are worth, by

CANDIDE.

On the Means of Deſtroying Caterpillars.

Philadelphia, March 25, 1800.

SIR,

AGREEABLY to what I ſaid to you on the ſubject of deſtroying the caterpillar in fruit trees, I now ſit down to reduce to writing, the ſubſtance of that information, and the experience I have had of its beneficial effects.

Previous to the ſpring of 1793, I had made uſe of almoſt every method to deſtroy thoſe inſects, which I had ſeen publiſhed or heard of; but I found, on trial, that none of them anſwered the purpoſe effectually. In April, 1793, on my way to Edenton, I ſtopped at Mr. John Gray Blount's, at Waſhington, North-Carolina, and, ſpeaking to him on the ſubject, he informed me that he had, after many trials, found an effectual remedy; which, he told me, was ſpirits of turpentine. It being too late in the ſeaſon when I returned home, no experiment was made that year; but the next, about the laſt of March, I found my apple-orchard full of caterpillars, and immediately had recourſe to the ſpirits of turpentine. The method I purſued was as follows: I took a ſyringe, and when I could reach the neſt with it, ſquirted it once or twice full, according to its ſize, into the body of the neſt; and when they were too high to be got at by the ſyringe, I put a piece of rag, or ſponge, on the end of a reed or long light pole, dipt it into the ſpirits of turpentine, and thruſted it once or twice through the neſt. In this manner, with two hands, I had an orchard of thirteen hundred trees gone through in about three hours, and in the ſpace of three or four days not a caterpillar was to be ſeen in the orchard, nay, ſome ſcattering trees at the diſtance of forty or fifty yards from the other trees, which were full of caterpillars, and had no ſpirits put on them, were likewiſe cleared of them. I have every ſpring ſince 1793 made uſe of this remedy in my orchard, and never knew it fail of ſucceſs. Laſt year I communicated this method of deſtroying that noxious inſect to the Philoſophical Society in this city, through Alexander Martin, Eſq. but have not heard of any perſon being the better for it. You are at liberty to publiſh this method of preſerving an orchard from their annual ravages, in any manner you think proper.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt obliged ſervant.

RICHARD DOBBS SPAIGHT.

Mr. J. Sharpleſs.

MEMOIRS OF STEPHEN CALVERT.

[Continued from page 30.]

"A WIFE! Clelia Neville a wife! She belongs to another! The obstacle, indeed, is not to be surmounted. My happiness is gone; my trust in the sincerity of others, in the blandishments of fortune, in the fictions of probability, in the suggestions of my own discernment, in the consolatory accents of hope, is gone.

"*A wife!*" That little word was sufficient wholly to reverse my sensations; to throw me from my pinnacle of joyous confidence, and leave me whelmed in the utter darkness of despair. I can scarcely tell what were my first gestures, or what were the words I uttered after my senses had been struck by this fatal intelligence. My heart swelled with horror, indignation, and grief; with indignation at that hypocrisy which I imagined to have been exercised to entice me to the verge of this precipice; horror at the guilt to the commission of which I seemed to have been rushing; grief at the closing of my prospects; at the fruitlessness of all my efforts after happiness; of all those humiliations and artifices which I had employed to prolong the ignorance and elude the suspicions of my cousin. Thus had the wiles of the deceiver thrown back upon himself the well-earned penalty of disgrace, disappointment, and despair.

I broke from her presence in a mood half made up of sullenness and rage. I shut myself up in solitude. I avenged myself by curses on my evil fortune; by muttering to the unconscious walls my abhorrence of her dissimulation and concealment; by half-formed vows of abjuring the society of mankind; of flying from my hated country; of withdrawing from life.

From upbraiding Clelia, my infatuation passed to wreaking my impotent resentment on my cousin, whose perverseness, by driving me to search elsewhere for happiness, exposed me to this misery and ignominy. Sydney was likewise detested as the primitive cause of my misfortunes; as the great dispenser of ill, whose malignant agency would never fail to blast my most auspicious and best-concerted projects, and from whose wanton persecution I could only hope to escape by placing oceans and continents between us.

This fit of passion gradually remitted its violence. After some hours, spent in a kind of phrenzy which only wanted duration to be as ferocious and destructive as any that receives the name, my thoughts began to flow in a more equable course. Time hushes every storm, and when the hurricane has ended its career, every flowing of the billows is less impetuous than the last; till, at length, the tranquillizing power "summâ placidum caput extulit undâ." Thus it is in the tempests of the mind. Hope breaks through the cloud which hung over us and shut out the day, and brings back serenity and radiance.

Insensibly my mind reverted to the contemplation of those events which preceded my first meeting with Miss Neville. I called back my ancient feelings with regard to my cousin. From regretting the artifices and concealments of which I had been guilty, I began to regard them as having been prudent and wise. I blessed myself for having thus long delayed the disclosure of my intercourse with this foreigner; and determined, henceforth, to act as if she had never been known to me; to resume my visits to my cousin; and find, in her

ingenuous confidence, her artless affection, and the effusions of her pure and upright mind, a recompense for my recent disappointments.

You will ask if my passion for Clelia was thus easily annihilated; if the lapse of a single day or week was sufficient to free me from shackles which are usually the strongest which nature has imposed upon youthful hearts; if the extinction of desire thus rapidly followed the extinction of hope. This inference would be very wide of the truth, yet it was the inference which was drawn, at that time, by myself. My state was like that of a person who had rashly entangled himself in a fen, and, after panic fears and vehement struggles, has safely reached the firm ground. Exhausted by my efforts, I stood still to retrieve my composure and strength, and found a nameless delight in comparing my present safety with my past danger.

Such is the nature of passion; and, especially, of this passion. Our views of things are perpetually varying; and our feelings, conforming themselves to the change, are tranquil or stormy, torn by regrets or soaring into tranquillity. The first belief that succeeded to the rage of disappointment, was that of being free from the enchantments which had hitherto seduced me. I imagined that my love for Clelia was at an end; though my new emotions, with respect to my cousin, were merely those of brotherly esteem, and such as to enable me, with sincerity and cheerfulness, to conform to those conditions which she imposed on our intercourse.

In this state of fleeting and delusive calm, I resolved to visit my cousin. Almost a fortnight had passed since I had seen her last. By indirect expressions, I had given her reason to suppose that this interval would be passed at Calverton. She had remonstrated against so long an absence; but my state of mind made my interviews with her irksome and embarrassing, and I readily seized any means of avoiding them. I pleaded some necessity for staying at this farm, and, in truth, the intervals between my visits to Miss Neville, had been chiefly spent in that retreat. Sydney was still abroad, and Louisa was still with her friends on the bank of Schuylkill; and to her, on the approach of evening, I repaired.

I found her pensively walking in an embowered alley of the garden. At my approach, pleasure took place of all other emotions, and she stretched out her hand—"Have you come at last, my dear cousin! Let me first bid you welcome, and then demand from you the cause of this unfriendly absence."

I stammered out some poor apology, and promised more attention for the future.

"Nay," she replied, "let your inclination guide you. Much as I love your company, its value must depend upon being cheerfully and willingly bestowed. And yet," continued she, checking herself, and after a moment's pause, "what a foolish saying was that! What a criminal effusion of selfishness and pride! I want your company much, and will solicit it, and claim it, even should you be averse or reluctant. It becomes me to vanquish that aversion and contend with that reluctance. I have wished for you, and looked for you every evening this week. I have thought of you very much, and longed to communicate my thoughts. Go, sit down upon that bench, and I will tell you all that I have been thinking."

Being seated, she took up a book that lay upon the bench—"See here, what I have been reading this afternoon. How hard beset will you think me, to find it necessary

to resort to Mademoiselle Scuderi for entertainment. I found the volume in a garret. It was new to me. I never heard of it, or saw it before, and my curiosity, I promise you, was highly gratified by the first score or two of pages. Look at it."

I took the book, and the first words I met with were Statira, Lysimachus, Perdiccas. I closed the volume with a deep sigh.

She darted piercing eyes at me, and said, "Why that sorrowful air? Do you know the book?"

"Full well," I answered. "If I ever grow old and reflect upon the events that formed my character, I shall mark out this book as the most powerful of all the agents who made me what I am. If I am fickle and fantastic, not a moral or rational, or political being, but a thing of mere sex, *this* it was that fashioned me. I almost predict that I shall owe an ignominious life, and a shameful end, to this book."

I again opened the volume, carelessly. A letter appeared between the leaves. It was superscribed "Louisa Calvert," and the hand writing was Sydney's. Something like jealousy and envy just then twitched me at the heart.

"Ah!" said she, "that is what I want you to read. It talks a great deal about you, and has told me something that has furnished its chief employment to my mind for these several days. It is that which has made me so impatient for your coming."

At these words my heart misgave me. Is it possible, thought I, that this audacious intermeddler has betrayed me? But it cannot be. He is too far off to be acquainted with my movements.

I unfolded and read with some hurry and trepidation. All the while, the eyes of my companion were fixed upon me. They were usually languid and inexpressive, but now they had a strange and fascinating power. Full of conscious purity and benevolent meaning, she seemed prepared to read my inmost soul, and yet, not as a censor or accuser, but as forgiving and compassionate.

Angel of a woman! Methinks I see thee at this moment! Thy virtue was sufficient to irradiate even thy homely features! But I must not call thee thus vividly to my remembrance. I must forget that cruel fate that made me the engine to destroy thee. All is now past; and my story will benefit others, though it plunges me again into anguish and repining. That persuasion shall support me in relating it; in exhibiting my guilt and folly in their genuine colours, and in doing justice to thy memory.

The first part of this letter related to himself, his own situation and employments; but presently he proceeded to a new topic, and continued in these words.

—"You tell me that your time is chiefly spent without visitants; that Felix himself has deserted you; that he finds full occupation for his time at Calverton; and yet, you add, that you wonder what entertainment he can find in that unsightly and unwholesome spot, surrounded by black faces, parched fields, and long grass.

"Your wonder is very natural; but in this case it proceeds from your ignorance: Calverton, in truth, has no charms for your cousin. Few of his hours are spent there. They are much more agreeably devoted to a new acquaintance in the city. This is some lovely female from abroad, on whom our young friend has already bestowed his heart. What is the exact nature of their intercourse I am not informed, but it is intimate and frequent. I greatly fear that the impetuosity of Calvert has carried him forward with too much speed,

or with too little circumspection. I shall very shortly return and council him as a friend; meanwhile, I would have you procure a meeting with him, extort from him some hints respecting his genuine situation, and be that guardian of his virtue and happiness for which your good sense, and your affection for him, so eminently qualify you."—

During the perusal of this, my confusion was inexpressible. Shame, at this detection of my imposture, and rage against the author of it, filled my heart almost to bursting. I threw the paper on the ground, and felt myself prompted to rush out of the garden. I turned my eyes from my cousin, and wished that some power would suddenly strike me deaf, that I might be screened from her reproaches. I expected nothing but the keenest rebukes, or the most contemptuous raillery. A pause of some minutes ensued. At length my cousin spoke.

"Why, my friend, are you thus disturbed? Have you been unfortunate? Is any disaster connected with your intercourse with the person here alluded to? Let me comfort you; let me counsel you. Tell me who she is, and what has passed between you; perhaps I may assist you. If your happiness requires it, I will be your intercessor, and your advocate."

"Good Heaven! Do you not then upbraid me? Do you not scorn me, drive me from your presence as a villain and betrayer?"

She shuddered at these words. She looked at me with eyes of terror and pity, and clasping her hands, "Have you, indeed, betrayed her? Have you debased yourself? Have you acted vilely by a woman and a stranger?"

I saw the nature of her error, and made haste to remove it. "No, no. She has received no injury from me. Her character, her innocence, are pure as they ever were. I have not betrayed or deceived her."

"Do you speak true? I beseech you, I conjure you, tell me the truth. Have you not injured her?"

I averred my innocence once more.

"Why then charge yourself with villainy, with deceit? Whom have you deceived?"

These words involved me in new perplexity. Was she not aware of my imposture with regard to herself? Had I not encouraged her fallacious inferences as to the state of my mind, and allowed her to ascribe appearances, which flowed from my affection for another; from fear and remorse, to emotions connected with my former pretensions to herself?

Observing my silence, she continued: "Have you been guilty of deceit? Whom have you deceived, and on what account could you persuade yourself to act so base a part?"

"Have I not concealed from you even the existence of Clelia Neville?"

"Alas! You did not deem me worthy of your confidence. The interest that I take in your welfare, you rated too lightly. I have not succeeded in convincing you that I am worthy of your trust. You impute to me indifference, or selfishness, or envy, and hence have arisen your concealments. You imagined, perhaps, that I should be weak enough to derive unhappiness from your attachment to another, though I had, of my own accord, and against your inclination, unloosed all the ties that bound you to me—though I had voluntarily given up my claim to your heart, or wicked enough to hinder your success. You were reluctant, therefore, to make me unhappy, or to raise obstacles in

the way of your wishes. Ought I then to blame you for concealment? Ought I not rather to regret the failure of my own efforts, to evince the consistency and rectitude of my sentiments, and to be more diligent for the future?

"Let me, then, persuade you to lay aside disguise, and to confide in me. Depend upon my council and aid in any good cause. Who is the woman that Sydney speaks of? Do you love her? Is she worthy? What wishes or views do you form respecting her? How arose your acquaintance, and whither does it tend? Pr'ythee tell me the whole. Without scruple or evasion tell it me, my more than brother—my friend!"

Was it possible to resist this bewitching frankness? To listen to such accents and not be brought a penitent confessor, to her feet? The motives of my former conduct had indeed been various and mixed. Those which she just ascribed to me, had some part in swaying me to secrecy; but these were not the whole, nor the chief. I feared the imputation of caprice; my doubts of the ultimate decision of Clelia made me hold fast my former claim upon my cousin; a claim which my frank avowals, I imagined, would weaken or wholly take away. But these were impulses of which her generous mind was not aware. She was prone to find in others, and especially me, a purity and self-oblivion like her own.

Should I now disclose to her the full extent of my versatile and sordid temper? Should I give her the pain of knowing the depth and number of transgressions, of which I sincerely repented, and of which, with the usual temerity of inexperience, I ardently vowed never more to be guilty? Equally humiliating to me, and useless to her, would be such confessions. If hitherto I had not merited her good opinion, hereafter I would do nothing to invalidate my claim.

In this state of mind, I adventured to recount to her my introduction to Miss Neville, and the incidents that had since occurred. My narrative was somewhat different from that which I have just related to you. Incidents were truly related, but falsehood almost spontaneously and insensibly insinuated itself into the statement of my motives. The picture was incomplete, inasmuch as certain lineaments and shades were left out, but no spurious addition was admitted; no positive, though untrue assertion was made. How subtly modified are self-delineations, by vanity, or shame, or misjudging interest! How invisibly faint are the boundaries of truth and falsehood!

She listened with great earnestness. When I brought my story to a close, with the confession of Clelia, that she was already a wife, my cousin started and shuddered. A pause of deep abstraction and silence ensued; at length, she said:

"A wife! So long concealed her marriage from you! To mark the tendency of such intercourse, the progress of your feelings to love! To hear the confessions of that love without reluctance or sorrow! To sanction them, to meet them with corresponding confessions! To grant you those proofs of tenderness which, in a wife, are surely unwarranted and culpable! Strange deportment!

"To the accents of love, she listened with complacency. By offers of marriage, she was terrified. Surprise was the master-passion for a time. Why should she be surprised? Did she imagine you acquainted with her true state? And could she cheerfully receive offices of tenderness from one whom she knew to be apprized of her marriage? What rashness! What blindness to consequences!

"You say that she followed her aunt to America; that her coming was unexpected and unwelcome. It must, then, have been criminal, or, at least, indiscreet and rash. Could she have fled from her husband? Perilous, indeed, my brother, has been your situation. Let this event contribute to inspire you with caution. Be grateful to that succouring Providence which has saved you from ruin; and be, for the future, less prone to confide in the illusions of beauty, and the flattery of first impressions. What have you resolved to do? I hope this has been the last interview."

I assured her that it was so, and that I had unalterably determined never to see the foreigner again. She expressed the utmost satisfaction at this promise, and urged various considerations to strengthen my adherence to it. That evening was spent in her company, and I did not return to the city till next day.

When I retired to rest, my meditations were active and vivid. The events of this evening had given a new soul to my frame. I caught the sweet whispers of self-approbation, and had a glimpse of that felicity which is a stranger to foreboding and remorse. I admired the means by which this transition was effected, and contemplated my cousin's conduct with astonishment and reverence. Judging of others by myself, I had not preconceived the possibility of such sentiments and such deportment. It seemed to be a different person to whom I had been introduced; and my earliest impressions, with regard to her, those which existed before our first meeting, and which arose, were generated by fancy upon rumour, seemed to be revived. My cousin's homely features and diminutive form gave place to symmetry and dignity, and I wondered at myself for having so long overlooked her loveliness.

Next day, after promising to repeat my visit very speedily, I parted from her, and returned to my lodgings in the city. For a time, I was sensible of no decay of my newly acquired zeal. I reviewed late incidents with satisfaction and tranquillity. My fancy was engrossed by the looks and words of my cousin. Gradually, however, my attention reverted to the topics of our late conversation; and these recalled to my view, Clelia and her train of charms.

I mused upon the progress of our acquaintance; the delight which she seemed to receive from my discourse, and the fatal disclosure of her marriage now occurred to me, attended with all the indications of grief which were visible on that occasion. From an object of indignation, she insensibly appeared before me as entitled to compassion. That she had eloped from her husband, was sufficiently apparent; but it did not appear that she had fled with a seducer: on the contrary, she had sought protection in the arms of an affectionate and virtuous aunt, whose grief might have been excited, not by the crimes, but by the misfortunes of her neice; and who had, surely, afforded some proof of her parental confidence and love, by bequeathing to her so large a property. Besides, what reprehensible or suspicious had been discovered in the conduct of Clelia since her arrival on these shores? The friends of Mrs. Keith were her friends. Her mode of life was a chaste seclusion, unapproached by any whose intercourse might contaminate her purity. She was free, not from actual degradation merely, but from slander and suspicion. Were not these circumstances of some weight in the scale?

True it is that she is married; yet she has confessed her love for me, and is that so henious an of-

fence? If it may claim to be forgiven, surely that claim may be made with most reason on him who is the object of her love. Persecution and resentment, from any quarter, may be undeserved; but from him to whom her heart is devoted, and for whose sake her guilt, if any guilt has been contracted, would be, in an uncommon degree, barbarous and perverse. The motives of her flight may possibly have been such as to be excused, if not justified by a candid arbiter; and why should I decide upon these motives, and on the equity of her conduct, before I am acquainted with them?

I had withdrawn from our last interview in rage. Was this the treatment she had merited? What was her crime in suppressing the mention of that which possibly she imagined to be known to me already? My conduct was precipitate and cruel, but it cannot now be repaired. I have vowed never to see her more. My promise to Louisa is sacred, and must be preserved.

With these reasonings passing through my mind, I reached home. I had scarcely entered the house, when a letter was presented to me by my landlord. I started when I saw that the superscription was in the same hand with that in which the billet formerly received, was written. "So!" said I, "a letter from Clelia herself! This is an evil omen." I hastily opened, and read as follows:

"*To* FELIX CALVERT.

"You left me in anger and contempt. What has happened to lessen me in your esteem? I deserve nothing but your pity. I demand your pity.

"Your proposal astonished and grieved me. It astonished me because I had good reason to believe you acquainted with my situation, and because it was inconsistent with those opinions you had previously avowed. You taught me to believe that you could love me with the same passion with which you could love a friend of your own sex.

"I am grieved to find you a stranger to my real condition. Had I supposed that ignorance, I should long ago have hastened to remove it. I beseech you, afford me the opportunity of justifying my conduct. You know me merely as a fugitive from my husband and my country, and you impute to me all that is criminal and odious; but the true reasons of my actions will shew you that I am not without excuse. I request one last interview, that I may lay before you these reasons.

"I invite you not to a renewal of intercourse. Neither my happiness nor yours will permit that. I would see you once more, that I may convince my benefactor that I am not altogether as unworthy as he thinks me; but, thenceforth, we must part for ever.

"I will expect you at the customary hour this evening.

C. N."

Was this summons to be obeyed? Compliance was but just. An invitation to a single interview, for a purpose like this, was innocent and laudable. What but good could flow from compliance? I had promised my cousin not to visit Miss Neville (for so I will continue to call her); but she, herself, would readily absolve me from this promise, were she apprised of the purpose of the desired interview. I will go.

My conjecture had been right. She supposed me acquainted with her marriage; yet, how could that knowledge have been obtained? Perhaps from her aunt's friends, with whom I might be naturally imagined to have some intercourse.

I paid my visit at the appointed hour. I found her as usual

when the evening was serene, in the garden. She received me with some marks of confusion and distress. As I approached the house, my placidness and courage began to yield place to dejection and restlessness. These increased on entering the alcove, where so many pleasureable moments had passed; and the sight of her pale hues and downcast eyes, completed the subversion of my fortitude. My sensations on leaving her, at the former interview, returned upon me with scarcely less force.

I did not speak. I did not seat myself beside her, but opposite. I folded my hands upon my breast, and waited, mournfully, for what communications she should please to make. After some pause, she said, in a tremulous tone:

"I have invited you hither, without knowing whether you had any desire for the interview. I have offered to communicate the knowledge of events, which, perhaps, are to you indifferent. What I tell you, may only, in a slight degree, lessen your disapprobation; but I would fain restore myself to the esteem of one who has saved my life. I would elude the charge of having seduced your affections, by appearances of being willing to accept them, without the violation of my duty.

"It is true, alas! that I am married; but the man who claims my person, has no claim upon my esteem and my love. I have fled from his house, because it was a scene of depravity and tyranny. I have exercised no other liberty than that of forbearing intercourse with a wretch, polluted by the blackest guilt. To withdraw from his power, to regard him with aversion instead of love, was no crime. To feel gratitude for real services; to give esteem, confidence, and love to another who deserves it, is consistent with every duty to my husband; and I have fostered these emotions towards you without remorse.

"My father was a banker of Dublin. My mother died a few hours after my birth, and left me, the only consolation of my father. My early years were spent without any remarkable occurrence. At the age of fourteen I was permitted to take up my abode with my father's sister, Mrs. Keeth, who, at that period, came from America, and was left lonely and disconsolate, by the death of her husband. She adopted, and treated me as her own, and I was not wanting in filial affection and gratitude.

"I had passed my eighteenth year, not without many suitors. None of them were such as obtained, at once, my own approbation, and that of my two parents: and their concurrence, as well as that of my own heart, was an indispensible condition of success. I was an only child, and the heiress of both my father and his sister, and both were deemed rich. Hence there was no want of amorous protestors, and disinterested wooers; but I erected a standard, by which to judge of their sincerity, that none of them could endure.

"At length one was introduced to me, by name Belgrave. His family was ancient, and much superior in dignity to mine. He was possessed of great fortunes, which he spent with magnificence, but without visible profusion. He was in the bloom of youth, graceful, elegant, insinuating. He had received the usual education, and spent the usual time in foreign countries, from which he had returned, with all that speciousness and gloss about him, which converse, on equal terms, with the great and the gay, are adapted to produce.

"He quickly selected me for the object of his devotion, and employ-

ed every means of gaining my esteem. He conformed to all my pursuits and opinions; applauded and condemned according to the example which I set him, and made himself, as nearly as possible, a copy of that model which my fancy had most delighted to contemplate.

"His efforts were in some degree successful. His manners, and his general conduct, were such as I readily and ardently approved. His external circumstances were liable to no exception; but still there was a nameless something in his countenance and carriage, which I could not prevail upon my heart to love. When called upon to state the grounds of my aversion, I could mention no strain of discourse, no mode of conduct which I disapproved. His tongue was fluent, and always prodigal of generous feelings, and heroic ardours, and his features were flexible and animated; and yet the look of true benevolence—an eye, ingenious and benignant, were never to be found by me. Doubts, misgivings, proneness to shrink, to cover up my feelings, as from one incapable of sharing in them, always swayed me in his presence, and when my attention was fixed upon his face. They were instinctive, and inexplicable. I could not clearly define them to another, and produce in another the same emotions with regard to him.

"After a due period of assiduity he besought my hand. It was refused. His humiliation and grief were unaffected, but wrought no change in my resolutions. My aunt and my father were engaged as his advocates. I could convince neither of them of the propriety of my objections. In their eyes, my scruples appeared absurd and capricious. They were hearkened to with disgust, and censured with asperity. Solicitations and commands, menaces of separation and displeasure, were liberally employed to vanquish what was called my infatuation and my folly.

"Hitherto I had known little but happiness. My aunt's and my father's approbation and love, had amply compensated me for the few ills and privations which had fallen to my lot; but these consolations were now withdrawn. I reverenced their judgments; but their arguments, while they taught me to mistrust my own impressions, did not weaken these impressions, or prevent me from sinking into grief, at the prospect of becoming the wife of Belgrave.

"This state of fluctuation continued for several months. Belgrave was indefatigable in his importunities, in his appeals to my compassion, and my reason, in his vows of eternal gratitude, and boundless devotion; and my parents were no less urgent in contending with scruples, which they deemed fantastic, ridiculous and criminal.

"I will not dwell upon the feelings with which I endured this conflict. They cannot be described. They cannot be conceived but by one who loved with gratitude and fervour like mine, devoted to a revered parent, and idolizing the penetration and generosity of my friend. Their rebukes became daily more severe, and my fainting courage became every day more unequal to resistance. My father, at length, disclosed obligations under which Belgrave had laid him, and which, as they had saved him from bankruptcy, had preserved me from indigence. These demanded every grateful service; and my refusal to become Belgrave's wife, would offend my father and my aunt beyond forgiveness. Subdued, at length, I resigned myself to my fate.

"Too soon were the forebodings of my fears realized. Those

appearances were laid aside, which he had deemed necessary for the attainment of his purposes. Cohabiting with him, I became acquainted with transactions and scenes, which, at a distance, could not possibly have been suspected. Under a veil of darkness, propensities were indulged by my husband, that have not a name which I can utter. They cannot be thought of without horror. They cannot be related.

"In the bosom of my aunt, I was unacquainted with the existence of half the vices and evils which infest mankind. For some enormities, which my subsequent experience brought within my observation, so far from knowing them by name, they had never occurred to me as possible. In brooding over my suspicions with respect to Belgrave, I fashioned, as I imagined, the most horrid images of voluptuousness and insensibility; but far different, far more flagrant was the guilt, far more savage the pollutions to which he was habituated.

"My detection of the truth was gradual. Quickly did indifference and inattention succeed to insinuation and warmth; but these slowly gave way to peevishness, impatience, and, at length, to undisguised disgust. Momentary returns to kindness became fewer. Bursts of contempt and resentment became more frequent. Hasty intimations that my pride and my obstinacy, in so long resisting his entreaties, merited punishment, and that his perseverance was dictated by a desire of revenge, sometimes escaped him.

"This vengeance he proceeded to inflict, by treating me with rudeness and contempt; by thwarting all my most trifling wishes; by forbidding his servants to bear my messages, or execute my orders; by affronting my friends and visitants; by interrupting me in my favourite employments of music and reading, or depriving me of the means of pursuing them. My father was shortly taken away by a sudden death, and his property, of course, devolved upon Belgrave. This property enlarged his gratifications, but contributed, in no degree, to my comfort or my deliverance from mistreatment; nor did he strive to conceal from me that my wealth had been the great inducement in applying for my favour, and that the pecuniary assistance which he had given to my father, was merely designed to benefit himself, and to preserve, unimpaired, that fortune which he expected would one day come into his own hands.

"These evils were endured with some degree of fortitude. There were, indeed, moments of agony, of hopeless distress, and of complaint; but my complaints were poured into no ears but those of my aunt. She mingled her tears with mine. She expressed her regrets at her former importunity, but endeavoured to console me by pointing out the path of duty, and shewing me the consequences of adhering to it in the approbation of my conscience and the smiles of a protecting God.

"At length, various circumstances set the depravity of my husband in a new light. For a long time I was blind to the obvious inferences which a person, much acquainted with the world, could not fail to have drawn from appearances. My husband's negligence of me I naturally ascribed to his attachment to some other woman. I could not readily believe what yet appeared to be true, that his associates were wholly of his own sex; and I gave him credit for a rectitude of conduct, in one respect, which was little in unison with other parts of his deportment.

"This illusion came, at length, to an end. Belgrave's contempt and hatred of me exceeded even his regard for his own reputation, and to his own safety, from the animadversions of the law. So open, so shameless was his conduct, that, at length, my own eyes were allowed to witness——.

"I cannot utter it—I was frozen with horror. I doubted whether hideous phantoms, produced by my own imagination, had not deceived me; till my memory, putting past incidents together, convinced me that they were real.

"My husband's presence—his house, became loathsome and intolerable. I flew to my only comforter, my aunt. I related what I had seen, and declared my desperate resolution never more to return to his house; to brave the contumelies of the world, which would never believe the wrongs which I had endured, and which, indeed, would never know the most odious of these wrongs.

"She contended with my despair. She joined with me in my abhorrence of Belgrave, but she endeavoured to reconcile me to my fate; to wean me from reliance on the world's opinion and the world's goods; to seek, in religion, a balm to my wounded spirit, and a basis for hope which the depravity of those around me could never shake.

"My aunt's exhortations were always earnest and pathetic to a degree that never failed to conquer my despair, at least, for a time. Her lessons instilled into me patience, at least, to sustain the miseries of my condition. I consented to return to an habitation polluted by abominable crimes; to hush my murmurs, and to meet the wretch who called himself my husband, without invectives.

"My aunt, shortly after, thought it necessary to return to America. She was the only friend which, in spite of the tyranny and malice of Belgrave, I had preserved. It was she only whose accents had any power to inspire me with fortitude. Her counsels and admonitions were perpetually necessary, and in her bosom I poured my sorrows, and found comfort. She was now going to desert me. She would pass into a distant world, from which she designed never to return. All useful intercourse between us would be cut off.

"I endeavoured to persuade her to relinquish her scheme, and urged the necessity of her presence to prevent me from committing some fatal act of despair or resentment. She resisted my intreaties, and shewed me the weakness of dependance on a fellow creature, whom so many accidents might snatch away from this state of existence. She urged anew the duty of seeking strength from an higher source; and, after many efforts on my side, and many arguments on her's, I consented, with a bleeding heart, to her departure, and to the loss of the only comfort that remained to me.

"I will not dwell upon the incidents that ensued her departure. My husband's conduct became more atrocious than ever. My life became more burthensome. My customary source of fortitude was withdrawn. I was overwhelmed with a consciousness of solitude and wretchedness. I endeavoured, in vain, to practise the lessons of resignation and devotion which my aunt had taught me. I looked after my beloved friend with unspeakable longings. My fancy accompanied her across the inhospitable ocean, and took up its abode with her on the shores of this new world. This employment possessed a strange power of delighting and tormenting me. I pursued it incessantly by night and by day. I loved to sleep, for my dreams were sure to unite me with my absent

friend, and to annihilate that dreary interval by which we were severed from each other. I awoke to sorrow; to sorrow that the scene was visionary and fleeting.

"By perpetually musing on the forlornness of my condition, the inquiry was gradually suggested, Is it without remedy? Has my friend gone whither it is impossible to follow her? The ocean is passable by me as well as by her. What should hinder me from pursuing the same track? From seeking deliverance from the tyranny under which I now suffer, by flying to a distant land.

"This thought had not now occurred for the first time. When my aunt's voyage had first been mentioned, my heart involuntarily exclaimed, 'O! that I could be her companion; that I could fly from my country forever, from the power of my bitterest enemy, and the most profligate of men, and hide my head in a remote land of tranquillity and innocence!' This desire I never dared to utter, and made haste to stifle so flattering a gratification.

"To a scheme like that, I knew that my aunt would never consent; that to know that it was harboured for a moment in my bosom, would give her exquisite pain, by shewing her the futility of all her efforts to convince me of my sacred duty and irrevocable obligations. Now this scheme was anew suggested to my thoughts with more attractions than ever. The more I revolved it, the more practicable and eligible it appeared.

"What," said I, "are the impediments that hinder me? Cannot I withdraw from this habitation and this city, without exciting my husband's opposition? He little suspects that my despair could prompt me to an action like this. He will, therefore, employ no precautions against it. If I conceal my name, assume a different and plainer garb, and retire to some obscure sea-port in the north, I may embark for America without molestation, and my place of refuge will never be suspected by those whom I leave behind.

"My flight will be regarded with pleasure by Belgrave, more than with anger. He will not know whither I have fled. He will suppose me lost in obscurity and indigence, and his savage heart will derive satisfaction from reflecting on the humiliations and embarrassments to which he may imagine me subjected. Instead of diligently pursuing my footsteps, and reclaiming possession of my person, he will be contented with my property, and rejoice at being freed from that restraint which my presence could not fail, in some degree, to produce.

"He may propagate some tale injurious to my honour, and my reputation may be blasted; but, free as I am from reproach, and notorious as my husband's vices have at length become, what have I to fear from his aspersions? On what ground has my conduct afforded him the possibility of building slanderous insinuations? And will he not be deterred by the uncertainty of my condition, and the likelihood, therefore, that I live to confute his falsehoods, and to avenge my injuries, by unfolding to the world those enormities which would not only cover him with infamy, but expose to danger his liberty, and even his life.

"My friend will be grieved at my conduct; but, surely, if it cannot be justified, it is yet not without excuse. Her wisdom will reconcile her to an event which cannot be recalled, and she will not refuse me her protection and her love.

"This scheme, after many difficulties and delays, was carried into execution. I escaped from Dublin

without warning any human creature of my design, and without leaving behind me any traces of my flight. After a tempestuous voyage, I arrived in this city. Having found my aunt's habitation, I burst into her presence, and, throwing myself into her arms, poured forth tears of joy and shame.

"My maternal friend easily forgave the errors of her child, when it was no longer in her power to prevent them; but her wisdom could not reconcile her to an act which she deemed a violation of the most sacred duty. Long have I wept over her grave, and my grief has been embittered by the thought that my misconduct contributed to cloud the evening of her life, and, perhaps, to hasten that event which has robbed me of a guide, a protector, and a parent.

"I have no correspondence with my native country. I know not the condition of Belgrave, or the effects which my disappearance has produced upon him or upon others. I have had no desire but to live unmolested and in privacy; in the indulgence of mournful recollections, and in the moderate use of that liberty and those enjoyments which are within my reach, and which are innocent."

Here the narrator paused. I had listened with the deepest interest. I continued to listen. I readily acquitted her of all blame for leaving her country; but how were these events likely to be known to me, when it had probably been her earnest wish to hide them from all mankind, and when, indeed, her own silence, on the subject of her own adventures, had never been broken?

I did not conceal from her these thoughts. Her countenance betrayed embarrassment and perplexity. She hesitated to answer me, and, at length, said:

"It is true. I imagined you to be acquainted with my condition. I found in you one whom I wish to call my friend, because my unhappy situation will not allow any nearer claim. I am content to be the object of your fraternal love; but this is not sufficient for your happiness. I must, therefore, consent to lose the pleasures and advantages of your society; but I thought it due to myself to explain the reasons of a conduct which to you might appear culpable.

"I have suppressed the mention of my own misfortunes, at first, because the subject is painful in remembrance; because suitable occasions for the mention of them never occurred; because your curiosity never appeared to be awakened with regard to them; and you never, even indirectly, and at our most confidential moments, questioned me as to my former or actual condition."

"But that deportment," replied I, eyeing her steadfastly, "might arise from diffidence or false delicacy; from a thousand causes different from my knowledge of your true condition. Besides, how was I to obtain that knowledge? Who was there, beyond these walls, able to communicate it, and from whom I was likely, in my present situation, to obtain it? I have told you that I am nearly a stranger in this city; that there is none of its inhabitants but you with whom I have frequent or friendly intercourse."

Her embarrassment was increased by the steadfastness of my scrutiny. She answered, "I thought you knew it. It was vague conjecture, and fallacious, as the event has now proved. Perhaps I may have found such place in your esteem that you will credit my assertion without knowing the grounds of my opinion. I will not hide from you the existence of such grounds, which, at the same time, I cannot now disclose to you. The time will,

perhaps, come, when the disclosure may be possible. Now it is not."

I renewed my questions, but she repelled them in the same manner. To tell her reasons for supposing me more knowing, in relation to her, than I was, was not fit for this time. The consequences of this error were not more to be lamented for my sake than for her's. It had deprived her of a friend.

"Why do you speak thus? Why must this discovery raise an insuperable bar between us? Why should we not interchange our feelings and ideas as formerly?"

She cast at me looks of surprise, mingled with affection—"Have I not betrayed you? Have I not misled you by false pretences, by appearances which did not correspond with truth? Is not this the light by which I am regarded by you?"

"Not if I confide in your assertions that you meant not to deceive me; that you imagined me aware of that obstacle which forbad any intercourse but that of friendship between us?"

Her eyes sparkled with delight at these words. "And do you trust me? Do you confide in me? Will you still be my friend? Will you add another and a greater benefit to that which you bestowed on me in saving my life, by allowing me the affections, the caresses, and the counsels of a brother?"

Such looks and tones accompanied these words, that I yielded my assent, not coldly or reluctantly, but with undisguised and immeasurable fervency.

"I am a forlorn girl," she resumed. "I am an exile and a recluse. I have been the victim of imposture and cruelty. I desire not to mix with the world, or to disclose my condition. I have resumed my father's name, and disown the condition of a wife. What expedient the malice of Belgrave may employ to hurt my reputation, or regain his power over my person, I know not; but I know that my safety depends upon his ignorance of my retreat. My heart is formed for all the tender sympathies of nature. My soul melts when the images of wife and mother occur strongly to my fancy; and I sink into repining at the hardness of my destiny which has cut me off from all these duties and enjoyments.

"Since I have known you, my regrets are less painful. I love to paint myself as owing life and all its enjoyments to your hand. I love that boundless gratitude which swells my heart at the sight of you, and which your estimable qualities have converted into affection and esteem. My love for you is tender; but that love demands nothing but your affection, your society, and your happiness. On my own account, I scarcely regret those bars which hinder you from standing in any nearer relation to me. How happy shall I be if there be no reason to regret it upon your account; if you can cheerfully consent to be my friend—Can you consent? Cheerfully?"

At that moment, and while listening to such accents, it was impossible not to repeat my concurrence. For some hours, my cousin was forgotten. My indignation was dismissed. My horror at the name of wife, my aversion to restraint, was no longer felt. I regarded my companion as a martyr to an ill-fated marriage. Her misfortunes, her desolate condition, her dependence upon me for happiness, and the obstacles to our union not arising, as in my cousin's case, from her own perverseness, but from causes whose existence was as deeply deplored by herself as by me, added to the enchantments of her features and the graces of her demeanour, made me willingly renew my homage at this shrine.

When the interview was at an end, I began to review these incidents with more sobriety. I was struck with wonder at the difference between the consequences of this meeting and those which I had previously imagined would flow from it; at the rapid transitions which my feelings had undergone from indignation and horror, to complacency, and even rapture. "Is there an human heart," said I, "fashioned like mine; susceptible of such extremes; shifting guises and forms with such celerity, and delivering itself up to such opposite emotions within the same short period? And what is now to be done?

"I promised my cousin never to repeat my visit to Miss Neville. Ten hours have scarcely passed since the promise was made, yet I have paid this interdicted visit, and have promised to be more assiduous in my attentions than ever! Will this disobedience be excused by my cousin? Shall I not disclose all that has passed? And will not Clelia be regarded by her as worthy of affection and pity?"

I acquiesced in this resolution; yet I was not in haste to execute it. My hours of leisure I felt most disposed to devote to Miss Neville. The distance from my lodgings was less, and the attractions of her company far more powerful. "I will see my cousin," I said, "shortly, but not to-night. To-morrow will be time enough." When the morrow arrived, my visit was again postponed. I readily admitted a stormy atmosphere to plead my excuse; and even the likelihood of rain was sufficient to reconcile me to delay. Thus day after day occurred; new impediments arose in my way to the Wallace's, and apology for absence became, at once, more necessary and more difficult.

My intercourse with Clelia was such as to intoxicate my juvenile feelings, and to shut out all foreign images. No pair of tongues were ever more voluble when they were set at liberty; and yet, on my part, I never made my own history the theme of my discourse. I loved to paint my visions of fancy; the images collected from books; but, chiefly, I was fond of questioning my friend in relation to her past life, and to the formation and the progress of her sentiments. On this subject she delighted to dwell. Her memory appeared to retain all the impressions of the past. The terms of every interesting dialogue; the looks, gestures, and minutest incidents accompanying it; every hue of the quickest and most mutable feeling, were exhibited with all the graces of a lucid elocution.

These topics were not of an exhaustible kind. They were more acceptable to me than any other. Others were excluded, not so much from any antipathy conceived against them, as because the time was more delightfully engrossed by these.

One evening, entering with my usual carelessness, I discovered Miss Neville in her drawing-room, earnestly contemplating some object which she held in her hand. Her attention was so much absorbed by this object, that she did not notice me till I touched her elbow. She started, thrust something into her bosom, and averted from my eyes a face suffused with the deepest crimson.

"What," said I, "have I caught you? Why is that something so hastily thrust out of sight?"

She stammered out the usual evasions of "Nothing—nothing at all—a matter of no consequence," and made strong efforts to regain her composure.

I grew importunate. A sort of vague suspicion darted through my mind, and whispered me that this

was a picture—a picture which was not to be shewn to me, though proper to be gazed at when alone. I ceased to importune. I allowed her to change the conversation; but disquietude rankled in my heart, and I suffered the discourse to languish.

She quickly perceived the cloud upon my brow, and asked, tenderly, the cause.

"What is that," I answered, "which you put into your bosom?" Her confusion returned, and my anxieties increased. She refused to produce it. She was too honest to mislead me by direct assertions, but she besought me to excuse her.

"Readily," said I, gravely, "I excuse you from performing what will give you pain."

She again attempted to engage me in sprightly talk, but my heart was pained. The gloom upon my countenance became more deep. I even made a motion as if I would go away.

"My friend, what is the matter with you? Why this sedateness, this reserve?"

"It is your reserve that occasions mine. You will not tell me what you put into your bosom."

"Must you know?"

"If it be not disclosed, I shall go away less happy than when I came."

After visible embarrassment and struggle, she drew it forth. It was, indeed, a picture. My heart sunk still lower. I had scarcely courage to examine it. What was my surprise and pleasure when, on glancing at it, I beheld—my own image.

"And what need was there of concealing this?" said I. "How could I fail to derive pleasure from this proof of your attachment?"

By this time she had recovered her tranquillity. "It was mere folly, I own. I am a wayward creature; but your kindness will forgive me. In time, I shall become more reasonable and consistent. I have just been altering it."

"Altering it?"

"Yes: when first taken, I committed some egregious mistakes. How I could fall into them, is incomprehensible. I thought I had obtained a perfect image; but, on closer scrutiny, I found I had strayed wide from the true proportions. Your hair is a shade darker than at first sight, and your eyes, instead of being of an heavenly blue, are of an hazel cast."

"Strange mistakes, indeed," said I. "But why did you not order me to sit while you copied my real face?"

"There is reason for that," she replied, casting down her eyes and blushing with bewitching significance.

"Certainly; but what was the reason?"

Half sportively—"I will not tell you. That is still to be a secret. The time will be, I hope, when that and many other kindred mysteries will shew themselves without disguise. Let it content you that the face is your's, and that I wear it *here*, within all these folds, and have worn it. Do you know how I have been employed to-day?"

"No."

"I have been writing. An history. A secret history. Though I have prated so much about myself, I have not told you all. I cannot utter every thing, and what I cannot, I have consigned to the pen. You know nothing yet of my secret history. That will be a feast for you which I mean shortly to set before you."

"Pr'ythee make haste, then, I shall have no rest while a secret remains. But who are the actors in these mysteries?"

"Myself, to be sure, and another."

"What other?"

She cast most expressive looks

at me, yet I could not satisfactorily interpret them—"Cannot you guess?"

"I should hope that in a drama where two characters only are exhibited, and you were one, that I should be the other."

"You have guessed aright. And yet you know me not. I was masqued. But what am I doing? You will rifle my box of secrets before I am aware. I am telling you what I meant you should read. O! let me ask you how came that scar upon your left cheek?"

"In leaping from an hay-mow I fell and struck my head against the edge of a mattock that lay concealed beneath a wisp of straw."

"When did that happen?"

"In my childhood."

She expressed much surprise. "In your childhood? And has it always been thus?"

"Always since my tenth year."

She suddenly became thoughtful, but presently resumed her sprightliness: "This, likewise, was omitted in your first portrait, which is very strange. Methinks the mark is sufficiently conspicuous."

"At our very first interview this scar was noticed by you, so that I conclude my portrait was taken before we met in this house."

This hint was followed by deep confusion—"Talk no more of the portrait. I was an unskilful artist, it is true."

She now called away her own thoughts and mine to some other topic, and I did not muse on these occurrences till we had parted. It was then that her secret history, her masquerade, the portrait formed previous to my knowledge of her, and concealed from me with such solicitude, occurred to my thoughts. My reflections were unattended by pain. They set me to conjecturing what had passed between her escape from the house in flames, till our actual meeting. I had spent that interval chiefly in the city, and many occasions might be conceived on which a glimpse of me might have been afforded her. These surmises were flattering to my vanity, and shewed the deep impression which gratitude had made upon her.

On my return home, I found a billet from my cousin, couched in these words:

"Why do you forget your promise? I want to see you. Come to me to-morrow morning, and make amends for this forgetfulness or negligence. I shall fully expect to see you, so that you must not disappoint me."

This billet threw me into some perplexity. I was conscious how culpable I had been, and was at a loss what apology to make. I could not, however, hesitate to comply, and went next morning to Wallace's. My cousin received me with her usual frankness and affection, and, after a few minutes conversation, in which her friend bore a part, she invited me to walk with her. The air with which this invitation was made, convinced me that something extraordinary engrossed her thoughts. This belief increased my embarrassments.

After a few turns in the garden, and when we appeared at a sufficient distance from interruption, she spoke with great earnestness; and, looking at me steadfastly, "Sydney returned home last week, and spent yesterday here. He tells me that you visit Clelia Neville frequently. You told me, when I saw you last, that you designed to have no more intercourse with that person. What has happened to change this resolution?"

I was silent. She noticed my embarrassment, and resumed, in a tone of irresistible tenderness, "Let not my brother deem me selfish and impertinent. My inquiries are dictated by regard for your welfare. That welfare I believe to be, in some

danger. Forgive me, then, for taking you thus to task. You have overlooked your promise to me, but that promise was exacted not merely or chiefly to gratify myself, but to screen you from the most formidable danger which can assail your youth. Far am I from intending to upbraid you for any negligence of me. I have, of my own accord, given up my claims upon your faith; and cannot wonder that beauty, gracefulness, intelligence, and sensibility, far superior to what I possess, have enchanted you in another. For this you are not to blame. You are not to blame for any thing; least of all for withholding your confidence from me, and declining to seek my advice. As soon as I can thoroughly convince you that my regard for you is void of selfishness and jealousy, this reserve will disappear, and I *will* convince you of it.

"You are the son of my mother. She who saved me from indigence and suffering, who took me to her home and her bosom, and gave me all the happiness that I possess, lives in your form, in your features, in your voice. When you are present, she is always before me. You are the pride and the hope of her life. Shall I not love you, then, for her sake?

"But that love is small in proportion to that which I bear you for your own sake. My woman's heart is yours. My very soul reposes in your bosom. I know no happiness but as you are happy. Are the transports of a wife and a mother not to be found in your arms? Are your affections to be given to another? It is well. I unmurmuringly acquiesce. I adopt that other for my substitute. I am anxious, only, that she merits your devotion. To see you betrayed, connected with a specious imposter, with a faithless wanton, would break my heart; indeed it would.

"You are mine," she continued, putting her arm round my neck, and in a tone of new sweetness, "you are mine, and I will not part with you but to one that well deserves the precious gift. Beloved Felix! Clelia Neville deserves you not."

What were my feelings during this address? My heart was fickle and inconstant, but not yet callous. Tears rushed to my eyes. I was subdued. I was torn with remorse for my past insensibility to such excellence. I said, "I have wronged you. Henceforth I put my fate in your hands. Direct me as you please. I will worship and obey you as my better angel."

"That is a good youth; but be not prodigal of promises. Shew your sincerity by disclosing your feelings and motives. Give me a just account of what has happened during your absence. Why, on the evening of the very day we parted, did you go to Miss Neville? Why has so many evenings since been spent with her? From twilight to ten, twelve, and even two o'clock? And why, on leaving this enchantress, instead of seeking your repose, have you rambled to Schuylkill, and descried the dawn from the verge of *Quarry-hill?*"

I started. "How came you acquainted with these incidents?"

"They came to me from Sydney, who gained them from a friend who lives not far from Miss Neville's."

Sydney and his friend, thought I, are officious, and had better be employed about their own concerns. I suppressed these thoughts, and produced the letter which I had received from Clelia. "There," said I, "was my inducement to renew my visits."

She perused the letter. I then recounted the substance of Clelia's narrative. I mentioned the compassion which this story had excited,

and my readiness to maintain a friendly intercourse with her. Nothing had since passed unsuitable to those duties which were incumbent on her as a wife. I regarded her as such, and was not ashamed to confess that I delighted in her company. I saw nothing in this intercourse that ought to offend the most scrupulous.

My cousin's eye was full of suspicion and uneasiness. After a pause she said, "She once confessed that she loved you?"

"She did."

"Has she retracted that confession?"

"Heaven forbid!"

"She repeats still that she loves you?"

"She does not deny it."

"She is not particularly circumspect? Reserved?"

"Certainly she is; as much as she ought to be."

"More so than before the discovery of her marriage? Than when she demeaned herself as lovers are used to do?"

"Not more so. In that respect, I see no difference."

"When you offer—she does not decline; she does not shrink from your caresses? She does not manifest displeasure?"

"No; she is as affectionate in her deportment as you are."

"But I am your sister. I am more than your sister. I am not—*a wife.* Has she never wept at those ties which oblige her to treat you merely as a friend? Has she never painted the felicity attendant on indissoluble union with you, and maligned the power which forbids it?"

I could not deny that she had.

"Have you never concurred with her wishes and her tears? Have you never sought relief from impatience and dejection in reflecting that every man must die? That Belgrave's vices will probably expedite his death, and that then you may seek the hand of this woman without a crime?"

"It is true."

"Do not these fits of impatience increase in frequency and obstinacy?"

"I cannot tell. They are more easily removed at one time than at another."

"At moments when your feelings are most active, does not a momentary doubt insinuate itself as to the validity of that bond which inthralls your Clelia to another? It was not strong enough to bind her affections and person to a ruffian. It hinders her not from imbibing and avowing an attachment to one more worthy, and whose heart gives her all its treasures in return. Why, then, (do you not sometimes ask) should it hinder her from giving the natural proofs of that attachment? Conjugal duty, it seems, has not prevented her withdrawing from Belgrave her love, her confidence, and her society. It has not hindered her from bestowing all these upon another. Having given thus much, the seal surely is broken, and duty will permit her to give all. Have not such reveries as these sometimes, however rarely, fluctuated in your thoughts, and rendered you insensible to midnight damps?"

I was silent.

"Have not soliloquies escaped you, at moments when memory was most full of the blandishments and graces of this friend, in which an hearer would distinguish such sounds as 'Unnatural restraints! Arbitrary institutions! Capricious scruples!' tell me, honestly, Felix."

I could not speak.

"But these were merely creatures of a fancy, which, in being ever busy in creation, and always hovering round the image of this girl, must be expected to produce every shape, and to sport with every possible phantom. These images

are fleeting. They are chastised and banished by wiser thoughts, which shew you that the effusions of the heart, the interchange of sentiments, and the acceptance and return of chaste caresses, are all that is of lasting value, even in wedlock. With these you resolve to be content, and to wait till circumstances arise that will sanction a closer intimacy."

"There," said I with eagerness, "you do me justice."

"And yet—how often does that officious phrase 'And yet,' interfere to break this equable tenor, to call up a regretful sigh? 'And yet—it is a pity. Life is wasted in delays. Belgrave may survive an half-century.' How often, at the conclusion of an interview, has a contempt of remote consequences, a faith in concealment, indignation at imaginary restraints, and the unjust obloquy of mankind, insensibly gained the upper place in your mind! How often have you noted the repose of nature, the security of solitude, and whispered in her ear, 'Why must we part? Why should we be separated an hour; and why should *this* hour sever us?' And do you not still hear that sweet voice, which sighingly and whisperingly answers, 'Alas! it must be so!'"

I was overpowered with confusion. I shuddered as if a witness had really been present at our interviews. I was astonished and abashed at so faithful a picture.

"I forgive your silence," resumed my monitress. "You need not answer me. I see that my conjectures are true. Such must ever be the reveries of one young as you, with principles versatile, ungrounded in religion, or on that morality which is the growth of experience. And the tendency of these things, if not to undermine your virtue, to make you dissolute and callous to reproach, yet, to unnerve your courage, to enfeeble all your energies, to divert your attention from useful knowledge, the service of your friends and your country, you do not see!

"Clelia has hitherto been, in your opinion, blameless. She has been the victim of treachery and cruelty. She fled from the mistreatment of a monster. She stands in need, and she is deserving of a friend. Are not these your opinions?"

"They are."

"And on what evidence are they built?"

I was disconcerted, and at a loss for an answer. At length I said, "I have no evidence but her own assertion. I have told you the story which I heard from her."

"And is that evidence sufficient? How numberless and irresistible are the inducements to conceal what, if known, would redound to our shame! How easy to disguise the real motives of our conduct! Belgrave may have been the inhuman and depraved wretch which he is said to be. Aversion to his features, and impatience of his tyranny, may have existed; but were these the only motives to object to marriage and to abandon her country? Might not her abhorrence of Belgrave partly have arisen from an unauthorized attachment to another? Might not his cruelty partly proceed from reasonable jealousy? And might not that attachment have been one of the inducements to elopement?"

These insinuations startled me. I had no time to weigh their truth. These being admitted by one of my cousin's candour and discernment, entitled them to some regard from me. I besought her to be more explicit. Were these her suspicions? On what grounds were they built?

"You know that she has friends and associates in this country. You

know that there are many who have constant intercourse with Dublin. Have you made inquiries among these respecting your friend? Possibly some one might be able to corroborate or confute her story."

I confessed that I had made use of no such expedients.

"But ought they not to have been used? Would they not have naturally occurred to a cautious temper?"

I answered, "that my recent arrival in the city hindred me from forming acquaintanceships with many persons; that, however strong my doubts might have been, and my desire of foreign information, I was wholly at a loss to whom to apply for this end."

"Say rather, my friend, that your devotion to this girl absorbed every thought, and all that time that might have been employed in enlarging the number of your friends, and in supplying you with materials of observation and reflection. You were a stranger to suspicion, and, therefore, reflected not that Mrs. Keith had been much known and respected in this city; that persons existed who had been serviceable to her in the management and disposal of her property; that her will, by which she made this girl her successor, must have had executors, and witnesses, who, probably, knew the character and condition of Miss Nevile, and to whom one like you, might easily have found access. Ought not your caution to have suggested these expedients?"

I could not but acknowledge it.

"And these expedients which you ought to have pursued, would naturally be pursued by those who love you. Would they not?

"And have they been pursued?"

"Sydney has obtained, from authentic sources, some information respecting this woman, which has just been communicated to me."

I was anxious to receive this information. I entreated her not to withhold from me what she had heard.

"Alas! my friend, this woman, thus amiable, thus studious, thus unfortunate, is—a profligate. Her husband had some reason for his persecution. His character is wholly opposite to that which she has described. His reputation has fewer blemishes than are incident to most men of the same riches and rank. Before marriage, she bestowed her heart and her person upon a young man, insinuating and elegant, but, unprincipled and dishonest. He was her father's clerk. Her attachment to this youth was shameless, and overstepped all bounds of decorum. It has, indeed, been proved, that the first overtures to an illicit intercourse came from her. This intercourse continued after marriage, and she, finally, to secure his company, eloped with him.

"These truths are notorious in her native city, and have been circumstantially related to Mr. L***, whose brobity you well know, in a letter from an Irish friend, whose intergrity and means of knowing the truth, are unquestionable. Mr. L***'s modes of thinking are singular. He had much respect for Mrs. Keith and his widow, and is named *trustee* in the will of the latter. During her abode here, the young lady's conduct has been free from reproach. She has shunned almost all intercourse with the world, since the decease of her aunt, probably from a consciousness of her guilt, and of the danger of detection. Mr. L*** has disclosed his knowledge to no one, but has kept a vigilant eye over her. He is unwilling to destroy her reputation, as long as she acts with circumspection.

"You know Mr. L***'s friendship for Sydney. A meeting took place between them a few days ago. Clelia was mentioned by the former,

and the assiduity of your visits; some connection being known to subsist between Sydney and you was likewise mentioned. Sydney was desired to exert his influence to induce you to break off so dangerous an intercourse. For some time the true character of Miss Neville was concealed, notwithstanding Sydney's endeavours to extort from him his knowledge; but, at length, these facts were stated, and the letter containing them were shewn, on condition that the discreetest and most sparing use should be made of them. They were communicated to me, that I might guard you against consequences so much to be dreaded from the uncommon fascinations of this woman.

"How very slender must be those talents which will not enable their possessor to frame a plausible tale; and how easily may looks of innocence and candour be assumed by a guilty heart?

"This woman is eminently lovely: her attractions and accomplishments are dazzling, but she is sensual and fickle. No doubt she is susceptible of gratitude. No doubt your mind and person have enchanted her. She loves you as one like her is capable of loving—with impetuosity. Marriage is no bar and no requisite to the gratification of her passion, and her deportment to you has hitherto been such as no heart of true delicacy and chastity would ever have adopted. It has been skilfully adapted to your constitution and temper, and, if you do not instantly change your course, will lead you to ruin. I shudder to think how near you have already been to the verge of guilt. That you have not fallen, was owing not to her virtue, but to yours.

"She has artfully spread her wiles for you. She has chosen scenes and hours for your intercourse, most favourable to the oblivion of conscience and foresight. The songs which she adapts, according to your own account, to her magic instrument, tend to move the soul to love, and inculcate contempt of the future, and forgetfulness of virtuous restraints. Thank heaven! in spite of her enchantments, your integrity is yet safe. Are you not, at length, convinced of your past danger, and determined to exercise more caution for the future?"

What could I say? These tidings sunk me into grief. The evidence thus produced, appeared to me incontestible. Clelia then was an adultress, and a profligate! With such an one, it was impossible to hold converse. That love, to which I confided my hopes of happiness, could never lodge in the bosom of a sensualist and hypocrite. Her passion for me might lead to extravagance and phrenzy; but without the ornament of chastity, or a basis in integrity, it was to be shunned and abhorred.

My courage wholly deserted me. I melted into tears. I became, to my cousin, an object of commiseration. I became flexible and pliant to all her wishes, and readily consented to avoid this unfortunate girl in future.

My grief at this discovery, after the first burst of conviction was past, and when solitude afforded me leisure to think, led me to investigate Sydney's evidence more closely. I said, "Is it right thus hastily to condemn a being, whose situation necessarily exposes her to calumny and misapprehension? Am I sure that the whole is not a wicked artifice of Sydney's, to thwart my projects of happiness? That L*** has not invented this tale to blast the character of Clelia? That L***'s correspondent has not been a deceiver, or been himself misled?"

She has given me proofs of tenderness; but, admitting them to

be incautious, they are not, in themselves, criminal, and may surely be excused by her youth—her ardent feelings, and her confidence in me. Where is this lover with whom she is said to have eloped? Her conduct, since her coming hither, has been allowed to be proper, and what human creature may not repent of his misdeeds, and grow wiser by experience? What should hinder but that her past errors are now regarded with detestation and remorse? That she has admitted a pure love into her heart, and will henceforth conform to its dictates? It was not I that, in spite of her concealment, detected her marriage. She spontaneously disclosed it. To this hour it might have been a secret, for she is not aware that her true situation is known to any one on this side of the ocean.

She had dwelt with the most picturesque, and, apparently, the most ingenuous minuteness on the incidents of her life, and especially those subsequent to marriage with Belgrave. She had related all the steps taken to effect her escape; all the events of the voyage; the name, character, and situation of the captain. Had she been accompanied by a lover, this narrative was vitiated not merely by omissions, but by falsehoods. All the difficulties and distresses which she painted, necessarily implied the want of a friend or protector. Was it possible that nothing in her tones or looks, nothing in a story so abundant in particulars, would have betrayed her falsehood? By affording me the means of inquiring of the captain, and her fellow passengers, one of whom was a resident in this city, did she not afford sufficient proof of her sincerity?

And what if she be calumniated? If Belgrave, by inhuman falsehoods, has blasted her good name, and thus perpetuated the mischiefs, which his vengeance had already inflicted, and from which, flight into another world has not been able to screen her, his enmity to her, and even his regard for himself, would naturally lead him to employ this engine to ruin her. Hypocrisy and artifice are easy, and she who might counterwork or unmask the betrayer, was unconscious of his machinations. She lived, in the vain security that her name and her existence were forgotten, and that her reputation, at least, among the beings who surrounded her, was free from stain.

No, I will not desert her. I will not hastily believe her wicked, and will spare no pains to ascertain the truth. I will go to Sydney. I will make him introduce me to his friend. I will see this letter with my own eyes. I will scrupulously weigh its claims to belief. I will make inquiries of others, and even of herself. I will charge her with imposture in terms so direct, and with a watchfulness so close, that the truth shall not escape me.

With these sentiments I returned to the city, and hasted to Sydney's lodgings. He received me with that placid brow, and cordial familiarity which always distinguished him. Cursory topics were quickly dismissed, and I called his attention to my cousin and Miss Neville. I related what had just been told me, and required him to deny or confirm it.

"Your cousin has faithfully repeated my intelligence. All that is true."

"All that," I quickly replied, "is false. There is some deception, some stratagem to ruin this unhappy woman, and to ruin me."

He lifted his eyes, but looked with undiminished benignity, and spoke mildly—"Would you say that I have invented that tale?"

"Forgive me. That insinuation was rash."

"Nay," said he, "it was suitable and proper. You ought to listen to such tales with reluctance, and not admit them on slight evidence. I ask you not to credit me on my assertion. Nothing should content you but the sight of the letter, which I will procure for you, and, so far from wishing you to believe before you see it, I exhort you to suspend your belief. Meanwhile, here is a copy, which you may peruse, and may compare with the original."

I took the paper and read it. It contained all that my cousin had reported. Sydney's character; the absence of all motives to deceit, on this occasion, since his interest as the lover of Louisa, and as my competitor, would necessarily induce him to favour, rather than to counteract, my pursuit of another, shewed me the folly of casting suspicions upon him. There could not be a doubt that this letter, at least, was genuine. I laid down the paper and was silent.

"Perhaps," said Sydney, "your knowledge of this woman has supplied you with proof of the falsehood of this story. Perhaps you have indubitable evidence that she is not a wife? That she did not quit Ireland clandestinely?"

"Both these," said I, mournfully, "are true."

"Indeed! How did that appear?"

"By her own confession."

"What then are the facts which she denies, or which you disbelieve?"

"She fled, but her fidelity to her husband has been inviolate. She fled, not to enjoy the company of a seducer, but to shun the cruelty of a tyrant."

Sydney shook his head, in token of incredulity; but, for a short interval, said nothing. At length he resumed:

"Nothing is more frequent than calumny. Nothing is more easy than to belie the actions and motives of a human being. Appearances against this woman are strong. Yet her innocence is not impossible. For her own sake, as well as for yours, I have resolved to ascertain the truth. She ought not to be kept in ignorance of what is believed respecting her. She ought, at least, to have an opportunity of avowing her integrity. After reading this letter, in the hands of Mr. L***, I determined to visit her, and lay before her the contents."

I started. "And did you go? Did you tell her this?"

My perturbations attracted his notice. They partly arose from surprise, at the abrupt mention of a project so singular and unexpected, and partly from inexplicable fears lest he might prejudice her mind against me.

"Be not alarmed," he replied, "I did not go. There was no need to go. My uncertainty was removed by different means."

"Are you then convinced of her innocence?"

"No. The proofs which I allude to had an opposite tendency. They convinced me of her guilt."

My heart drooped at these unwelcome sounds. I had scarcely courage enough to inquire into the nature of these proofs.

They inform me that the paramour, with whom Clelia dishonoured herself before marriage, and whom the claims of an husband could not prevail on her to discard, is now in this city. That their illicit intercourse is still continued, her nights being spent in his company.

Horror at this news, was quickly lessened by incredulity. I remembered that four evenings in the week were spent with me. That I went to her early, and left her late. The existance of a rival was impossible, for what motive could

induce her to bestow tenderness and confidence on me. To suppose her affections thus equally divided; thus daily changeable; to suppose her, with regard to me, a dissembler, was, to the last degree, absurd! Why should she devote her time to any other besides him who possessed her affections? Why solicit and encourage visits, when those visits would merely interfere with, and tend to the detection of her intercourse with one whose society must be infinitely preferred. I saw her not at stated hours, or concerted intervals. Half the evenings of the week were devoted to her, but they were not pre-appointed. My approach was hailed with delight, and my departure witnessed with reluctance. No; this was a manifest calumny. I did not disclose all my reasons for denying my faith to this story, but I did not conceal my disbelief, and inquired what were the proofs?

"My evidence I cannot produce. The information was given on condition that the authors were concealed. I promised concealment more readily, because, if the intelligence were true, its truth might easily be ascertained. I, for my part, entertain no doubts. The evidence was such as not to be resisted: *I* am convinced of her depravity. Without this evidence, I neither desire nor expect you to believe it, but it must always be in your power to ascertain its truth by other means."

"Be good enough to tell me how."

"The path is obvious. By charging her directly with this misconduct, she will hardly fail of tacitly confirming it. Besides, you know whether she has any acknowledged visitants besides yourself."

"She has none; none, at least, but of her own sex."

"If she denies herself to him, in the presence of another, she must often deny herself to you. So much of her time must be shared with him, that your visits must be very unfrequent not to interfere with his."

"My visits," said I, "are not unfrequent, and they take place at seasons utterly inconsistent with the existence of such a connection."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Sydney, in a tone of surprise and disapprobation, "it grieves me to hear that. If this woman be criminal, it matters little whether it be with you or with another."

I was disconcerted and abashed at the inference thus drawn from my words. The inference was false, but such as a mind fastidious in its maxims of decorum, might easily draw from the frequency, the loneliness, and protraction of our interviews. I was unwilling to state the truth, in this respect, for fear of creating one suspicion, by the means employed for removing another. Meanwhile anxiety was strongly painted in my friend's looks. He resumed:

"Your visits must, indeed, be frequent and unseasonable if they interfered with his. Such intercourse loves to hide itself beneath the veil of darkness. It is awake and active when the rest of the world are asleep. Sufficient caution is, indeed, employed to prevent intrusion in the present instance. Should you call at the hours devoted to him, you would be turned away with 'She is indisposed;' 'She is not at home;' 'She is engaged.' Doors and windows are closed and fastened, and the porter is commissioned to exclude every comer."

"And pray, you, what are those seasons?"

"They begin at eight or nine, and end—before morning."

My heart now misgave me. Such were the periods of my own visits, but I saw her only thrice or four times in the week. The intervals,

indeed, were regular, though that regularity had been accidental. Could those nights when I was absent be thus devoted? And what were my claims? I was no more than her friend. My pretensions interfere not with those of such a one as this. To me she gave her confidence and esteem, on another she bestowed her love.

"How often," said I, "does this intercourse take place?"

"Not every night, but thrice a week at least."

This tended to confirm my fears. Indignation began to rise with my grief. "I will burst upon her," said I, "when she expects me not. I will detect her in the very arms of her seducer. This will be ample proof, and this proof is in my power."

Sydney marked the disquietude which these thoughts produced. He regarded me with looks of compassion. "Come," said he cheerily, "things shall all be set right. You and I, Felix, shall know each other better. Your cousin shall join us in a scheme from which we will contrive to extract pleasure as well as benefit. If you will spend this evening with me, I will disclose my plan."

"I am in no mood," said I, "to adopt new schemes. This unhappy mystery must be cleared up before I can take repose."

"Whence does this interest in a stranger arise?" said he. "Is it a disinterested zeal for the honour of a female, who, in consequence of being a wife, is culpable for maintaining intimacy with *any one* but her husband? But this mystery is easily removed. It might have been removed last evening."

"How?"

"If, instead of pushing pieces of wood over a chequered table, you had applied at her door for admission——."

"What then?"

"You would have been dismissed with a false, or evasive answer."

"Last evening? Was this profligate in her company last evening? For how long?"

"From ten o'clock till one, at least."

These few words instantly revived my fainting hopes. Evidence of the treachery employed against my friend could not be stronger than this. These hours were spent in my company. The grossness of the calumny was therefore apparent. My features brightened with confidence and exultation. "Your informer has assured you of this? Or is it a conjecture? Is it built upon the same authority with the rest of the story you have told?"

"I have no better evidence for any thing respecting this woman."

"Then you are deceived," cried I vehemently. "Your informer is a lying and perfidious wretch. It is some wicked agent of her tyrant, who has endeavoured to abuse your ears, and to blast the reputation of an helpless and unfortunate woman."

He still preserved an air of doubt and anxiety. "I fear that you pronounce too hastily," said he.

"No. The falsehood of this assertion, at least, I have the means of discovering incontestibly."

"What means?"

"Such as are more to be relied on than vague and anonymous insinuations. Nothing less than the testimony of my own senses."

He looked at me with new disquietude. "You talk in riddles. How could the testimony of your senses inform you in what manner, and with whom, this woman spent the last evening?"

"Because I was neither blind nor deaf; because, at the very time you mention, from ten o'clock till one, at night, I was her companion. There was not an interval of ten seconds in which I did not see or hear her."

"You mistake me," said he; "I speak of *last* evening; of Saturday evening."

"Certainly," returned I, "and I rejoice that you do, otherwise I might have wanted so unerring proofs of the falsehood of the tale."

He rose from his seat, and fixing more steadfast looks upon me, repeated, "Last evening, you tell me, was wholly spent by *you* with this woman."

"It was."

He now turned away from me, and walked to and fro, with a troubled face. I imagined that I understood these tokens. He inferred an improper intercourse, from an interview thus unseasonable. I was embarrassed in my turn. I was fearful of this inference, and therefore confessed thus much, with some faltering and reluctance, which inevitably tended to confirm his suspicions. Still the strongest emotion in my heart was delight, in discovering the falsehood of the charges made against Miss Neville.

"Felix," said Sydney, solemnly, and with a deep sigh, "I love you much. I think upon the danger which besets you, with pain, arising not only from the love that I bear you, but from my affection for your cousin, whose happiness is interwoven with yours. Till this moment I was not aware of all your danger; of the frailty, the fickleness, the pliancy of your mind." There he stopped.

"Your fears," said I, "on my account, are generous, but groundless. This woman is nothing to me, but a friend, from whose society I collect greater pleasure and instruction than any other source will supply. She is a sufferer whom it is my duty to cherish. She has been maligned and persecuted; and while I am convinced of the iniquity with which she has been treated, ought I to act as if my convictions were opposite? Ought I to shun the society of one whom I know to be innocent and excellent, or refuse her conversation and her confidence, on terms consistent with every duty?"

He seemed to pay little regard to these words, but, advancing towards me, with new solemnity, said: "Let me again ask you; let me conjure you to tell me the truth. How, and where did you spend last evening?"

"Innocently, as I hope for mercy from a righteous and omniscient judge. I spent it innocently. Nothing passed between us; nothing has ever passed between us, inconsistent with her obligations as the wife of another; nothing but what a sister might laudably bestow."

"But how, and where was it spent? In the presence of the same righteous judge, tell me how, and where was it spent?"

"I have already told you. It was in my own lodgings till nine o'clock; from that hour till one in the morning, in the house, and by the side of Clelia."

Surprise, indignation and grief were mingled in the features of Sydney. He could with difficulty articulate, "Is it possible? So young, trained up in habits of sincerity and purity, and yet capable —under a tremendous sanction— thus deliberately capable! Felix, I dismiss my hopes of you. This instance of depravity and falsehood exceeds what my worst fears had painted."

"Falsehood! Depravity! What words are these? How have I deserved the charge?"

"Enough. Nothing need be said, unless it be to retract a falsehood so hateful! so audacious!——"

My blood began to boil. "I have nothing to retract. I can only aver my truth and my innocence. If surmises and rumours, or fallacious inferences, are of more weight than my solemn declara-

tions, I have, indeed, fallen low in your esteem. I disdain to expostulate with you. I shall make no efforts to retrieve your good opinion. If it can thus easily be lost, to gain it is impossible, and when gained, it is worthless."

What followed, tended only mutually to exasperate. We parted in anger.

My mind was full of vexation and uneasiness. I was oppressed with the proofs of Sydney's general integrity; persuaded of my own innocence; wounded by the charge of having basely lied, though conscious that the charge was unmerited; alternately consoled by the approbation of my own conscience, and afflicted by perceiving that I had lost the esteem of one whose discernment and integrity I had been accustomed to revere; and dubious of the grounds on which I stood, I was fearful that the evidence which swayed his belief was, in itself, sufficiently plausible and intricate to govern a dispassionate observer; fearful that the same evidence, and even the mere authority of Sydney, would undermine my reputation in the hearts of others; of the Wallaces; of my cousin; of my mother.

For the present, I felt no inclination to visit Clelia. I wanted some one in whose ear I might pour my whole soul; in whose bosom I might disburthen my heart of its vexations. No one was more entitled to this confidence than my cousin, and to her I accordingly, on the next morning, repaired.

She received me without her usual smiles of affability. She had been weeping. She acceeded to my wishes to walk in the garden, with half disguised reluctance. When alone together, she seemed disinclined to speak. I was chilled with a thousand different apprehensions. I already perceived that her mind was poisoned by what I deemed the artifices or malignities of Sydney. My courage forsook me at the thought of contending with an adversary so formidable.

At length I broke silence, and complained of her reserve.

"My reserve," she answered, "flows from my sorrow. What can I say to you? It is not my province to rebuke, or to censure you. Perhaps, if I once had acted differently, things would not have been thus. I acted, as I thought, for the best, but you will be of a different opinion. Your vices and your miseries you will not scruple to lay at the door of my pride and obstinacy. And how shall I repel the charge?"

"Do you then believe me to be vicious?"

"I cannot but believe it."

"Good heaven! What is the ground of your belief? You will not surely condemn me unheard?"

"I have no doubts."

"No doubt of my depravity?"

"Alas! none."

"Let me then take away from your sight, a wretch who is not even worthy to be heard in his own defence."

She wept, and sobbed. "Go, my once loved brother, the joy of my heart, leave me; your presence is a source of pain too exquisite to be borne. Go, and may your eyes be opened to the ruin which lies in your path soon enough to shun it!"

"And is it come to this? Shall I not, at least, know my crime?"

"Your crime cannot but be known to you. Would you have me blast my own ears by repeating it? To connect with the name of Felix Calvert the odious appellations of *villain!—liar!*—'Tis too much! I beseech you leave me! never see me more!——"

"This," said I, "is the fatal treachery of Sydney. It is he who has shut your ears against the claims of justice."

"Speak not of Sydney thus. You misapprehend, you know him not. Would to heaven there was more affinity between you; that a portion of his noble and enlightened spirit had fallen on my brother. But to hope is vain! Such felicity is not reserved for the lost Louisa!"

"And is the word of Sydney to condemn me to infamy and exile? As an human creature, is it impossible for him to fail in knowledge, or in virtue? May not some unhappy error have misled him?"

"No: there is no alternative. Either you or he is a perjured villain. Can I believe that Sydney hates my brother; that he deliberately utters abhorred falsehoods? *That* I must believe, or suppose you to be guilty of the like. I cannot hesitate which to choose, which to condemn." Her grief was now mingled with impatience. She continued, "I will not hear you. I will not see you more. If you continue here, my heart will burst. Go, ill-starred youth! Go—the sight of thee reminds me of thy mother, and I cannot bear to think——."

My thoughts insensibly acquired firmness and consistency. Of those atrocious charges I was innocent. I knew not what these charges were. I cared not to know. If I were not worthy to be heard, to be informed of my offences, I would trample, in my turn, on such injustice; I would leave my vindication to time, to chance. It was enough that my own heart acquitted me of guilt.

After incoherently muttering these ideas, I left the garden, and the house, and once more set my horse's head towards the city.

(To be continued.)

On the STUDY *of* GERMAN.

Dialogues of the Living:

DIALOGUE III.

Tom. WHAT have you there?

Harry. A German Grammar.

T. What use make you of it?

H. To learn the language.

T. What! Are you going to Germany?

H. Not I.

T. You are going to wed into a German family, perhaps?

H. No.

T. You expect, I suppose, to associate with Germans?

H. No. There is none of that race here, worth conversing with, or none that do not speak our own language.

T. Perhaps you mean to make a trade of your knowledge; to qualify yourself for teaching others?

H. No: that would be a poor trade; could hardly subsist, even in my frugal way, on the earnings of a teacher; besides, could hardly deem myself qualified, unless I *spoke* the language with correctness and propriety, and that cannot be hoped without visiting Germany, or frequenting the company of Germans here. I cannot do, nor do I wish to do the first. The second is impracticable, since none can be found here who have not good reason to devote themselves to English, and would, at any rate, be a waste of time, and abuse of the social principle. Power to *talk* would, in the most favourable circumstances, be difficult of acquisition, and when procured, could be retained only by the same means; by incessant converse with Germans.

T. What then do you propose?

H. Merely to read and understand their authors.

T. Perhaps you mean to gain something by translation?

H. No. Of all trades, *book-mak-*

ing is, in our own country, the most wretched. That branch of it, at least, relative to sentiments, and language, and translation, unless with a view to filling the purse, is but a tame and servile kind of business. I meditate nothing but intellectual pleasure and improvement.

T. By reading German authors? Which of them, and of what class?

H. I scarcely know; of all classes —worth the study. Poets; historians; play-writers and romancers. This Kotzebue, they talk so much of; this Gesner; this Ifland; this Weiland; this Haller; this Schiller; and this Göethe.

T. You are right. Having exhausted the writers of your own country; having talked till weary with them; being master of all the epithets and images, ratiocination and description, of its dozen of philosophers, its score of historians, its hundred poets, and its innumerable story-tellers; you, of necessity, have recourse to a foreign language.

H. What do you mean? I have no such intimate acquaintance with our own writers. I have read them, most of them, 'tis true, but have not studied them. As to the historians, I have not weighed their facts, or scrutinized their inferences; I have not decomposed their style, or dissected their sentiments. I do not recollect the hundredth part of their narratives. Should I read them ten times more deliberately, and ten times oftener than I have done, there would always be something new, and something to learn. As teachers of ethics or politics; as pourtrayers of manners and passions; as patterns of rhetoric and composition, as fitting us for social offices, and as preceptors in eloquence, I scarcely know them. Every thing in this way still remains to be learnt by me.

T. But perhaps the Germans have more eloquent historians.

H. I never heard of them; besides, if they had, I could hardly hope to be a competent judge of their merits. If at this age, with all my study, with the knowledge of English as my mother tongue, with perpetual intercourse with English authors, I have still much to learn, what can I hope from the study of historians in a foreign tongue?

T. Perhaps the theme of the German historians is of more value. Their narrative relates to times, persons, and events more amusing and instructive.

T. None can be more so, to one of my condition, than those of British or American history; which have, of course, been best displayed in my native tongue. Besides, nine tenths of the historiographers of Germany are Latinists; and they are all of them to be found in English compilations or translations. If they be not in English, where shall I look for them? Not on this side of the Atlantic: only in the libraries and *bibliopolas* of Heidelburg and Leipsic.

T. But the German poets, epic and dramatic.——

H. None, surely, of more value than our Spencer, Milton, and Shakespeare; Pope, Dryden, and Thompson; whom, if any one says that he has deliberately read and adequately studied, *he lies.* To profit by the poets, we must freight our understanding with their thoughts, imbue our fancy with their images, store our memory with their phrases: one must read, ponder, revolve; unwind their allegories; build up their visionary fabrics; realize their phantoms; adjust, paint anew, and *look at* their scenes a score of times, at least, between fifteen years and fifty. All this remains to be done; and this,

perhaps, with respect to English bards, I am able and may hope to do; but, as to poets of a foreign language, what ages of application, what profound attention and complicated knowledge are requisite to comprehend the thousand energies and graces which adorn them! All those delicate distinctions and significances, local allusions, and *idiosyncratic* qualities which separate the poet from the vulgar, are seen with my naked eye in my own language; but, in German, will be visible only through optics, which no toil nor time will make as perfect as the unaided and unartificial vision of a Brandenburger or Weymarian.

T. But the dealers in fictitious narration.——

H. Can scarcely claim more than Fielding, Smollet, Richardson, and their host of followers; whose works, whether resorted to for entertainment or instruction, will afford plentiful employment even to him who reads nothing else; and who have one advantage, at least, over German authors.

T. What is that?

H. They are within reach, and their language and allusions can be understood, their qualities of style estimated, and their beauties be engrafted on my own composition or discourse, which cannot be done with foreign fabulists. What profits it to know the Saxon *language* when Saxon *books* are not to be had, or to be had with many disadvantages and difficulties not incident to books in our own tongue?

T. Perhaps there is some branch of literary, historical, or philosophical inquiry which you want completely to fathom and thoroughly investigate, but which cannot be done without German assistance. Priestley learnt German in order to read the untranslated works of certain electricians. Harte learnt it to gain materials for the life of Gustaf Adolf. One learns it because he means to pass the next year at Hamburg; another that he may earn his bread by teaching it to others; a third that he may profit by the popular rage for translations.

H. All these are excusable motives, but none of them, I own, are mine.

T. There is another set of students who are governed by mere caprice, who have an exorbitant appetite for mere words, or who annex an absurd reverence to the character of a linguist. They are incited by a groundless taste, or a foolish vanity. They strive for the glory of speaking or writing a foreign tongue with the facility of a native, and when they gain it are content.

Another class is swayed by accident. One learns Spanish for the sake of reading Lope de Vega; another for the pleasure of conversing, in his native tongue, with Cervantes; a third to discover how Anthonio de Solis wrote history; and thus all bestow that toil and time to carry them across a ditch, which, properly employed, would suffice to circumnavigate the globe. But, if these be not your views, I pr'ythee tell me what they are?

H. I have a casual and arbitrary inclination tending this way, and shall gratify it.

T. But your inclination should go where reason leads. Your preference should exist only where there are genuine grounds for preference.

H. We must not judge so nicely. Our taste is the slave of caprice, or accident, or habit. You may persuade me that Shakespeare is worthier of an Englishman's attention than Gesner; but, though you may cause me to renounce Gesner, you may not instil into me a passion for the English poet. Instead of reading Gesner, as I first intended, I may do nothing. Instead of re-

flecting what I ought to do, you should merely consider what I am willing to perform; and, instead of lamenting that I do not prosecute a better path, you should rejoice that I do not betake myself to worse: and, surely, there are numberless employments less profitable than the study of the German language.

T. What are its uses?

H. They are manifest. The German tongue is the parent of our own. To study it, therefore, is, in truth, to study English etymologically. The genius of one tongue is only to be known by comparison with the derivation, inflection, and construction of another. The German will afford a suitable object of comparison.

To know the language, I must read its books. These books may be inferior to French or English; but they doubtless have an absolute, and no inconsiderable value: I may comprehend them less easily or perfectly than English compositions; but I shall, nevertheless, obtain, in some degree, their meaning. German poetry, philosophy, and eloquence, will, therefore, impart to me some of those benefits which eloquence, philosophy, and poetry are always qualified to give.

BARON'S *Answer to* WORKMAN.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

IN your Magazine for March, Mr. Workman has attempted to defend his erroneous solution of the question concerning the well, in a manner which clearly evinces his ignorance of the principles and relations of numbers; for, if he had had the least acquaintance with arithmetic, he would not have told us that the reciprocals of 1, 2, and 3, are 3, $1\frac{1}{2}$, and 1. A person of good abilities, who exerts himself in the defence of a proposition which he believes to be true, justly merits the approbation of the judicious, should even the proposition itself be false; but a man who impertinently undertakes to defend an erroneous hypothesis, and, in the course of that defence, discovers his entire ignorance of the nature of that hypothesis, is fairly entitled to public contempt. As it is my business to *instruct* the ignorant, and not to *dispute* with them on subjects above their comprehension, I should not have replied to Mr. Workman's contemptible defence; but, as I have a great respect for your Magazine, and am desirous of its ever continuing the vehicle of truth, I am determined to exert my utmost ability in the defence of the truths, and in the refutation of the errors it may contain, as far as relates to mathematical and philosophical subjects: I therefore proceed to refute Mr. Workman, by demonstrating that his solution is founded upon an absurd and unjust hypothesis.

The hypothesis upon which Mr. Workman's solution is founded, may be seen in his defence in the Monthly Magazine for March; and, from a variety of different methods of demonstrating its absurdity and unjustness, I have selected the following:

When A, B, and C were equally distant from the well, B ought to have paid one third of the expense of digging, or half the sum paid by A and C together; for, whatever quantity of water A and C together could carry from the well to their respective houses, in a given time, B could, in the same time, carry half that quantity from the well to his house.

Let A, B, and C be equally distant from the well, and each of their distances denoted by d. Let A's distance diminish to $d - x$, and C's increase to $d + x$, while B's remains invariably equal to d. A,

B, and C's respective distances from the well being now $d - x$, d, and $d + x$, the quantities of water carried by A, B, and C in a given time from the well to their respective houses, are as $\frac{1}{d-x}$, $\frac{1}{d}$, and $\frac{1}{d+x}$, or as $d^2 + dx$, $d^2 - x^2$, and $d^2 - dx$. But $\frac{d^2+dx+d^2-dx}{2} = d^2$ is greater than $d^2 - x^2$, and hence it follows that the quantities of water taken together, which A and C can, in any given time, carry from the well to their respective houses, are greater than half the quantity which B can, in the same given time, carry from the well to his house. Consequently B ought not to pay one third of the expense of digging the well; and therefore Mr. Workman's solution is founded upon a hypothesis which is theoretically absurd, and practically unjust. Indeed, the absurdity of Mr. Workman's hypothesis appears self-evident, when we suppose A's distance diminished to 0, and B's increased to 2 d; for then, according to his hypothesis, B ought to pay one third of the expense, and C, whose distance is only twice as much, ought to pay nothing, and yet be entitled to the use of the well.

Having, in the Magazine for February, given a true synthetic solution of the original question, I shall here resolve it analytically.

Put x = A's share then $42 : 30 :: x : \frac{5x}{7}$ =, B's and $54 : 30 :: x : \frac{5x}{9}$ = C's. Therefore $x + \frac{5x}{7} + \frac{5x}{9} = 40$,

	Dolls.	*Cents.*	
Which reduced gives x =	17	$62\frac{34}{143}$	= A's share.
hence $\frac{5x}{7}$ =	12	$58\frac{106}{143}$	= B's do.
and $\frac{5x}{9}$ =	9	$79\frac{3}{143}$	= C's do.

the several shares exactly agreeing with those of my former solution.

I conclude by informing Mr. Workman that, as he seems to think the original question unintelligible, he may have it fully explained, and also a demonstration that its conditions are precisely and accurately expressed, by applying to any of my pupils.

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American Review.

Art. XXVII.

A Brief History of Epidemic and Pestilential Diseases; with the principal Phenomena of the Physical World, which precede and accompany them; and Observations deduced from the Facts stated. In two vols. 8vo. By Noah Webster. *Hartford.* Hudson *and* Goodwin. 1799. *pp.* 700.

[Continued from p. 213, and concluded.]

THE seventeenth section of this work contains some highly useful observations on the mitigation and prevention of epidemical diseases. These deserve to be ranked among the most valuable parts of this performance. We shall beg leave to abstract the most striking precepts contained in this section, believing it our duty to diffuse, as widely as possible, knowledge of such great and general benefit; and to adopt the words of our author rather than employ our own, since the style and spirit of a book are best displayed by the production of actual specimens; and since, in this case, our author's mode of composition is eminently cogent and persuasive.

The suitable antidote to pestilence, according to Mr. Webster, is "the removal of all local causes of disease; such as every species of putrescible substances, which, in the process of putrefaction, emit a species of air highly unfriendly to health. It will be observed that I speak of *putrescible* substances; for, flesh or vegetables, which have undergone the process of putrefaction, or of digestion in a healthy stomach, discharge little or none of the pernicious acid.

"Hence we observe that people in cities rely too much on cleansing streets to preserve public health. Experience proves that the utmost care in cleansing streets will not always prevent pestilence. The reason is obvious; most of the filth of streets consists of excrementitious matter from horses or oxen, which has undergone the process mentioned, and contains no septic acid, or very little. Hence the accumulation of dung in the farmer's yard, is not known to generate diseases.

"Various other substances thrown into the streets of cities are more pernicious; as green vegetables, the garbage of fish, lees of fermenting liquors, and many others, which, in hot weather, soon putrefy and discharge noxious air. Such substances, however, never ought to be thrown into the street in hot weather; they should be thrown into the ocean, into rivers of running water, or what is better still, *buried*, and that before putrefaction begins. If putrefaction is begun, they should be removed in covered vessels.

"The vaults of cloacina, although they contain mostly substances which have passed through digestion, and in their unmixed state, are not *very* pernicious, yet they are always mixed with other substances, which, in hot weather, bring on fermentation. These should be either cleansed annually in spring, or the matter in them neutralized by quick-lime.

"All filthy substances should be removed from streets, both for the sake of decency and of health. If the pavements of streets could be covered with pure earth, it would greatly lessen the heat; but this is not practicable. The only effectual remedy is fresh running water

—the only article that unites cleanliness with coolness. Nothing, in a city, can be an adequate substitute; for, while it removes the causes of noxious vapours, and, by cooling the sultry air of a city, prevents debility, it extricates a considerable quantity of new and wholesome air from its own substance, and absorbs pernicious vapours.

"Streets should also be so constructed as to give the water a considerable velocity. The practice of levelling the surface of a city is most pernicious. If possible, every street in a city should have a descent of fifteen or twenty degrees. Instead of levelling the earth, the police of a city should counteract even a natural level, by throwing the whole into artificial elevations; which give a brisker currency both to water and air.

"Cellars should be so constructed as to retain no water; and often cleansed by scraping. If the surface of the cellar can be conveniently changed, by removing a few inches of the old earth and introducing that which is fresh, it would be a very salutary labour. Nothing imbibes and neutralizes infectious matter more readily than fresh earth.

"The liberal use of water, in and about a house, cannot be too seriously recommended. Water absorbs all noxious matter that comes in contact with it in substance. Applied to floors, wooden, stone, or brick walls, to clothes, to furniture, to back-yards and streets, it is every where salutary in the summer months. Dr. Priestley observes, that water purifies vitiated air, by absorbing the septic part. Hence its great utility as a preservative against pestilential diseases.

"All dead animals in a city, or its vicinity, should be buried or burnt; as cats, dogs, and horses. The indecency, alone, of suffering their carcases to putrefy before the eyes of mankind, ought to make it a strict article of police, to remove them. But they should be buried; not one should be permitted to offend the eyes or nostrils of a citizen. They are offensive to decency, to moral sentiments, and to health. The ancient method of burning dead bodies was well calculated to destroy the poison; but, in Atlantic America, burial is cheaper and equally effectual.

"Common sewers are often common nuisances. In cities, all filthy substances should be conveyed off on the visible surface of the earth, unless sewers can be so constructed as to deposit, with certainty, all their contents in running water. Serious evils arise from putrid substances lodged in sewers, that are too level, and which serve as reservoirs instead of canals, accumulating putrescible matters in places where their exhalations, by the influence of moisture, are doubled instead of being removed.

"In cities, where all filth is naturally cast by rains into the docks, it would be well that all wharves should be so constructed as to present a smooth, uniform front to the stream, and be extended into deep water. Mud, washed by the salt tides, and not mixed with putrescible matters, produces no inconvenience to health; but such matters, thrown into docks, bare at low water, and exposed to a hot sun, dissolve most rapidly, and generate morbid vapours. Many improvements are yet to be made in our sea-ports, which will lessen the accumulation of pernicious air.

"A great and most desirable article in a system for the preservation of health, is the purifying of rooms from air which has been respired for a length of time. By experiment, it is found that the air of rooms that have been slept in, is very insalubrious; and, probably, more so than the air of privies, which is found to contain less nox-

ious air than was formerly supposed. See Encyclopædia, art. atmosphere. Indeed, it is questionable whether there is any *necessary* connection between offensive smells and insalubrity. Nature has kindly provided that dead feces should not be very pernicious to health; but the effluvia of living and fermenting bodies are to be avoided as rank poison. In this respect, cleanliness is made essential to health.

"A farmer should never plant his dwelling by the side of a marsh. Whatever may be the situation of his lands, he is inexcusable if he builds his mansion within a mile of the sources of disease and death. Better for him to go a mile and a half to his daily labour, enjoying robust health, than to live within the circulation of poisonous vapours, afflicted by diseases for three months in the year. And when a farmer has the misfortune to be obliged to labour occasionally in the vicinity of stagnant water, he should be careful not to enter upon the ground early in the morning, before the noxious vapours have been raised and attenuated by the heat of the sun; nor should he continue there till late in the evening.

"People in the country should select hilly or elevated positions for their houses; where the surface of the earth is dry, and there is a free circulation of pure air. There is another reason—the water on high grounds is always better than in low, swampy places. Water in flat lands stagnates beneath the surface as well as above; but on hills, it is in constant motion. Hence, if men expect good water, they must seek for it on mountains, hills, and rising grounds. The Arabians advise that houses should be set on high, airy places, near fresh water.

"When a choice of difficulties occurs, and men are compelled to live near marsh, they should endeavour to place their dwelling on the windward side of the marsh, which, in America, is the south and west; the summer winds being from these points. This will often make a prodigious difference in the state of health.

"Another thing to be observed, in summer, and especially in time of pestilence, is the guarding the body; but, by all means, the head, from the direct rays of the sun. Nothing is more dangerous than the burning heat of a clear sun, in sultry weather. It often produces sudden death, by means of an apoplexy, instances of which are related under the year 1752, to have happened at Charleston; and the same is said to have taken place there the summer past. In other cases, the effect is what is called a stroke of the sun, 'coup du soleil,' which is not always fatal, but very dangerous.

"But the most general ill effect of exposure to a hot sun, is great debility, in consequence of the violent and unnatural excitement; and this effect is most to be found in the nervous system, when the heat has fallen directly on the head. Convalescents from bilious fevers have occasion to be particularly cautious not to expose themselves to a hot sun; a relapse is the most certain consequence.

"The umbrella is an excellent invention; it would be still more excellent if it could be improved so as to render the shade more general, and completely interrupt the rays of the sun, without being rendered too heavy.

"In walking the streets of a city, in a clear, hot day, the passenger will naturally seek the shady side. Of so much importance is it thought, in some hot countries, to shield the body from the rays of the sun, that very discerning men contend that narrow streets and high houses, in cities, contribute to the health of the citizens, by mitigating the heat.

They suppose the obstruction of air a less evil than a hot sun. Of this opinion was Lancisius.

"But this is to embrace one evil in shunning another. It is to be regretted that the best mode of shielding man from a hot sun, is not adopted in cities. Wide streets, bordered with rows of trees, would be infinitely preferable to all the artificial shades that can be invented. Trees are the coolers given to us by nature. They make a pleasant shade—they imbibe the septic fluids which impregnate the atmosphere of cities, and poison their inhabitants—they exhale pure air—they fan the earth, by creating or augmenting currents of air, with the vibratory movement of their leaves—they invite the feathered tribe to light on their branches, and, with the music of their notes, to relieve the ear from the grating of rough, unnatural sounds, which stun the citizen.

"It has been objected to trees, that they increase the danger of fire, by obstructing the free use of engines. This objection is imaginary. Few cases would occur where trees, properly placed, could interfere with the operations of extinguishing fire; and, in such cases, they might be levelled in a moment.

"It has also been objected, that trees obstruct the free circulation of air. This is not true. In calm summer weather, they very much increase a light breeze, by partly obstructing the upper current with their branches, and throwing more air below, thus augmenting the under current on the surface of the earth, where it is wanted. The leaves and branches also, by their gentle motion, agitate the air, preventing the ill effects of stagnation; and give velocity to the air that finds its way through their interstices.

"The streets and public squares of a city,' says St. Pierre, 'should be planted with great trees of various sorts. A city built of marble, would, to me, have a melancholy appearance, unless I could see in it trees and verdure.'

[*Studies of Nature*, 13.]

"Trees and all green vegetables diminish greatly the heat near the earth; and little do men, in general, think how prejudicial to health is the operation of the extreme heat of cities.

"In the hot season, water should be applied to the body very frequently, in the way of lotion or bathing. By this I do not mean to recommend the practice of leaping into river or sea-water, and continuing in it for half an hour—a practice which proves fatal to many lives every summer. Cold water is the most powerfully debilitating application that can be made to the body. No persons can bear it, even in summer, but the healthy and robust; and, to save such from injury, it must not be applied when the body is over-heated, or continued too long. Many, many instances occur every year, in which a fatal yellow fever is speedily induced by injudicious plunging. An instantaneous application of cool water to the body, by a single plunge, or by a shower-bath, sometimes acts as a stimulant, by a sudden increase of excitability in the system; but this should be used as a remedy, under the direction of a physician. Few persons can sustain the shock, unless in good health; and I am persuaded it would be as well for mankind, if the use of cold water, by plunging, were wholly proscribed. Judiciously applied, it is sometimes useful; but my own observations lead me to believe, the utility is more than overbalanced by its fatal or mischievous effects.

"The most safe, easy, pleasant, and beneficial mode of using water, is to bathe or wash the body in a private apartment at home. This may be done in several ways—

either in a large vessel, immersing the whole body at once, or what is less troublesome, with a single pail or bowl of water, in a bed-chamber. The washing may be done with the hand, or a sponge, in a few minutes, as the person rises in the morning or retires at night.

"The temperature of the water should be near that of the blood; a little cooler or a little warmer, and, in such a temperature, it is a pleasant application, occasioning no violence to the system.

"It may not be obvious to every common reader, that the application of warm water to the surface of the body, in a hot day, should cool it. But such is the fact, and nature points out this mode of reducing the heat of the body, by the process of perspiration. In this process, the insensible vapour, which escapes by the perspiratory ducts, takes with it a portion of heat; and, the more freely a person perspires, the more temperate the heat of his body. Hence the human body is enabled to sustain heat several degrees above that of the blood—and hence the flesh of a child in full health, perspiring freely, feels cooler than the air, in a summer's day. This phenomenon may be illustrated by a thermometer with the utmost ease. Immerse the bulb into warm water, in a hot day; let the water be of seventy-five degrees of heat, and the air of eighty degrees; the thermometer, standing at seventy-five degrees in the water, and taken out into a warmer medium, the air ought to rise to eighty degrees; but being wet, the evaporation will sink the mercury four or five degrees; that is, to about seventy degrees, until the instrument is dry, when it will rise to eighty degrees, the temperature of the air.

"On this principle, warm water, as well as cool, will lessen the heat of the system; for, no sooner does a person cease to apply the water, than evaporation commences, and cools the body by several degrees. This effect, however, is temporary, in consequence of the stimulus of the heat.

"In very hot weather, it is better, especially for *persons in the vigour of health*, to use water a little cooler than the blood; for the effect of warm water, applied in the manner proposed, is to stimulate; and this is not what the body requires. On the contrary, when highly excited by the heat of the air, the body requires a reduction of heat, to prevent over-excitement, and its effect, indirect debility. In general, then, the body, in summer, is to be cooled by the use of water, while in a healthy state; but, if debility or disease has invaded it, it requires heat and excitement.

"Persons of a *slender habit*, who require additional stimulus, should use water a little warmer than the blood. The effect of cool water, applied to persons in full health, and of warm water to feeble habits, is the same; to *prevent debility; indirect* in the former case, and *direct* in the latter.

"Bathing a long time in very warm water, to produce profuse perspiration, is a powerful laxative; and, perhaps, it would be better if it was never used, except as a remedy for disease, under the direction of physicians.

"It is a point of infinite importance that citizens should not depend on water from pumps in the city. In a few years, the subterranean water becomes impregnated with the noxious particles from vaults; and this evil continues to increase with the age of the city. One of two remedies are to be provided: either the city must be supplied with fresh water, by pipes, from a distant source, or the vaults must be so formed as to be capable of being opened in winter and cleansed. But

the last method, though useful and practised in some European cities, would be ineffectual.

"The back houses in a city are, in many respects, a terrible nuisance. If a sewer could be carried four or five feet under ground, and every such house be set over it, a stream of water passing through it from a distant source, would be an excellent means of cleansing a city from this source of disease. But such streams of water are rarely to be obtained.

"Another expedient suggests itself for the same purpose. Let a sewer of three feet wide, and well paved, be run in a strait line under the rear of the lots, and all back houses set over it. In suitable places, let channels be made to turn the water from the streets into the sewers, in long or violent showers, when the water is not wanted to wash the streets. In this manner, the sewers might be washed perfectly clean a number of times every summer, and the citizens preserved from their poisonous exhalations.

"On a model of this kind, I conceive cities should be constructed in the *most healthy* situations; for, a crowded population, in any place on earth, will lessen the salubrity of the air. Close, compact cities, in any quarter of the globe, are the graves of men. All the great cities of Europe require, annually, some thousands of strangers to supply their waste of population. Yet there is no necessity for men to crowd together in such a compact form. There is land enough on earth to suffer any extension of cities; and it makes little difference, in the first instance, whether a lot contains one hundred feet of land, or half an acre. Nor would a less dense population be any inconvenience to men in business. They might be obliged to walk further on some occasions, but, in the cool shade of my proposed city, this would be a pleasure rather than a toil.

"It is wrong, it is criminal, for legislatures to permit such crowded population. It is a nuisance, not only to cities, but to the public. It is a truth, that numbers of lives are sacrificed almost every year, among worthy country gentlemen, who have business in our large cities.

"They come to town in the hot season, when no uncommon disease prevails among the citizens who are inured to the air; they come without suspicion; they are seized with fever and die. The air of the low grounds in our cities, even in healthy seasons, is often poison to people from the country, and gives them a fever, when no epidemic is visible among citizens. I know the fact, and it is a serious calamity, especially to seamen. The low grounds in Providence, New-York, Baltimore, &c. are great nuisances. The building of Water-street and Front-street, in New-York, it is believed by good judges, has cost this city a thousand lives in five or six years. I say nothing of Philadelphia; for its position, and the alterations in the original plan of the city, have doomed it to calamity. The citizens will not believe the evil to arise among themselves, and therefore must be left to their fate. If remitting fevers *every* year, and yellow fever *often*, will not convince men that something is wrong in *their* city, it is in vain to reason with them. Of one thing I am confident, that if all the earth in New-York on which Water and Front-streets are built, could be sunk thirty feet under water without loss of lives, and the proprietors indemnified by the citizens, it would be the greatest blessing which heaven could, in mercy, bestow on the city and the state. I believe, also, that if all the cross streets, and the back houses in Philadelphia could be

levelled with the earth, and the ground converted into flower-gardens and grass-plots, the citizens would, in twenty years, celebrate the anniversary of their destruction, with as much fervour as the republicans in France celebrate the demolition of the bastile."

The remainder of this work consists of speculations on the disappearance of the plague in Western Europe, to which are subjoined various observations on lunar influence, electricity, venesection, vapor or mephitic air, and the agency of comets. These, though they cannot be denied to be ingenious, have too much novelty and boldness, and are not sustained by a sufficient degree of technical or scientific knowledge, to be readily admitted. To give a summary of them, would too much extend these remarks. For these we must refer the reader to the book itself.

On no subject has Mr. W. been more adventrous than on what has sometimes been called *equivocal generation*. His zeal for the doctrines of religion, as well as for the established principles of reasoning, which forbid the needless and licentious multiplication of causes, or deviation from the common and known order of things, should have made him tread with caution upon this ground.

The appearance of vegetables in spots where they were formerly unknown, in consequence of some change in the surface, or temperature, is ordinarily explained by the casual dispersion and lodgment of the seeds which the state of the earth and the air has, at length, permitted to germinate and grow. Having found, in so many cases, the seminal and sexual principle to operate, one is naturally prompted to conclude that it operates in *all* cases, and we do not relinquish this conclusion merely because cases sometimes occur, in which we have not been able to discover traces of this operation. We are more inclined to impute defects to our own observation, or fallacy to the evidence which we possess, than to question the simplicity and uniformity of Nature's laws, especially since we find, that in cases where formerly equivocal generation was supposed, and with the utmost plausibility, subsequent and more diligent, or more fortunate searchers have demonstrated the existence of germs.

As vegetables, so animals, our author thinks, are thus continually produced. Insects of a new species are particularly common, and fishes are, every day, generated by other means than sexual, and by means that do not imply the previous existence of fish of the same species.

The work is concluded with certain moral reflections, which are, indeed, of an *equivocal* and hazardous kind. It is never wise to launch, with much confidence, upon the ocean of final causes. The tendencies of an universe, and the *motives* of its Maker, are, to *this* observer, *extremely evident*. The necessary evils of the system are of useful tendency. As the primary source of pestilence is beyond our reach, he must rank this among inevitable evils, and consoles us under their pressure, by the following remarks.

"Epidemic diseases are some of the necessary effects of the general laws that govern the universe. But they have also a final cause of immense value to the human race. They are destined and calculated to answer most important, moral, and religious purposes.

"Men, with their present nature, under a constant course of prosperity, would degenerate into devils or brutes. Uninterrupted ease and quiet contract the heart, and steel it against emotions of sensibility: the

man rushes into vices and crimes, or sinks into sloth. So often have I seen the hearts of men depraved, and their moral character debased, by sudden prosperity, that I am persuaded the world, without frequent inflictions of pain and distress, would not be habitable. The natural evils that surround us, intermingled with innumerable blessings, preserve the mind in perpetual vigour, in seeking the means of protection; they lay the foundation for the exercise of the finest feelings of the human heart, *compassion* and *benevolence*, which are the sources of social virtue; they humble the pride and arrogance of man, by creating in his mind a perpetual dependance on divine power; in short, they create and preserve that sense of obligation and accountability to God which is the germ of piety and moral excellence."

The want of an index in so multifarious a work as the present, is much to be regretted. If an opportunity should be offered Mr. W. we earnestly exhort him to supply the defect.

Amidst so many curious and important objects which this work exhibits, it may, perhaps, be thought trifling to notice defects or peculiarities of style; but though mere expression be subordinate to reasoning and sentiment, it should never be despised or neglected. Somewhat depends upon the selection and arrangement of proper and significant terms, as well as on laborious searches, and accurate conclusions. Mr. W. will incur some censure in this respect, for while he is always and minutely careful to cut off a vowel from the end of some of his words, *(famin, determin, &c.)* which ordinary writers retain, he is unreasonably negligent in more important matters, and has failed to make his sentences coalesce fully with each other, or to harmonize with themselves. This negligence, together with a *new* scheme of quotation, gives the first part of his work the air, less of a scientific treatise, than of a crude mass of memorandums, a transcript of marginal notes, where, for the sake of brevity, particles and pronouns are dropped, and the meaning conveyed by the use of disconnected nouns and verbs.

With a few exceptions, however, the composition is simple, unaffected, and perspicuous. Diffuseness and repetition of the same idea, often occur; but, from the importance of the truth, or opinion to be inculcated, are not unallowable or useless. To work conviction in hasty and superficial readers, it is useful to call up frequently our favourite proposition, to place it in new lights, and adorn it with new colours. The more deliberate and sagacious ought not to be displeased, provided each successive exhibition be somewhat diversified, and do not fall short of those which precede it in force and perspicuity.

Art. XXVIII.

Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, held at Philadelphia, for promoting useful Knowledge.

(Continued from p. 217.)

Account of an Animal called the Big naked Bear: By John Heckewelder.

THIS animal, hitherto a nondescript, unless we suppose it to be similar to that described by Mr. Jefferson, is thus pourtrayed by Mr. H. from intelligence collected among the Indians.

"I have now to communicate to you, what came to my knowledge respecting an animal, which the Mohican Indians called Ahamagachktiât Mecehquá, and the De-

lawares, (if I recollect right) Amangachktîat. *The Big Naked Bear.* Their reports run thus: That among all animals that had been formerly in this country, this was the most ferocious. That it was much larger than the largest of the common bears, and remarkably long-bodied: all over (except a spot of hair on its back of a white colour) naked. That it attacked and devoured man and beast; and that a man, or a common bear, only served for one meal to one of these animals. That with its teeth it could crack the strongest bones. That it could not see very well; but in discovering its prey by scent, it exceeded all other animals. That it pursued its prey with unremitting ravenousness, and that there was no other way of escaping, but by taking to a river, and either swimming down the same, or saving one's self by means of a canoe. That its heart being remarkably small, it could seldom be killed with the arrow. That the surest way of destroying him, was to break his back-bone. That when a party went out to destroy this animal, they first took leave of their friends and relations at home, considering themselves as going on an expedition, perhaps never to return again. That when out, they sought for his track, carefully attending to the course the wind blew, and endeavouring to keep as near as possible to a river. That every man of the party knew at what part of the body he was to take his aim. That some were to strike at the back-bone, some at the head, and others at the heart. That the last of these animals known of, was on the east side of the Mohicanni Sipu (Hudson's River), where, after devouring several Indians that were tilling their ground, a resolute party, well provided with bows and arrows, &c. fell upon the following plan, in which they also succeeded, viz. knowing of a large high rock, perpendicular on all sides, and level on the top, in the neighbourhood of where the naked bear kept, they made ladders, (Indian ladders), and placing these at the rock, they reconnoitred the ground around, and soon finding a fresh track of the animal, they hastily returned, getting on the top of the rock, and drawing the ladders up after them. They then set up a cry similar to that of a child, whereupon this animal made its way thither, and attempted to climb the rock, the Indians pouring down their arrows in different directions, all the while upon him. The animal now grew very much enraged, biting with its teeth against the rock, and attempting to tear it with its claws, until at length they had conquered it.

"The history of this animal used to be a subject of coversation among the Indians, especially when in the woods a hunting. I have also heard them say to their children when crying: 'Hush! the naked bear will hear you, be upon you, and devour you.' From the nature of their conversation on this subject, I was led to believe the story had foundation. Old Indians whom I questioned on this matter, assured me it was fact, relying on the authenticity of their forefathers' relations. Further reports respecting this animal have, *in part*, slipped my memory, wherefore, I omit making any mention of the same.

"The panther is not considered by the Indians as *such* a ravenous animal, as by the white people he is reported to be. I know but of one instance, where an Indian was nigh being attacked by one of them, but this was owing to the Indian's approaching his den. The Indian however found means of killing him, and taking the young, which he brought down to Philadelphia,

which was about the year 1770. This animal, the Indians say, lives chiefly on deer, which it either by slyness catches itself, pursues after they have been crippled by the hunters, or takes from the wolves after they have caught them.

"If, hereafter, I shall have an opportunity of getting further information respecting the naked bear, I will freely communicate the same to you."

Account of a remarkable instinct on the Nine-Killer: By the same.

This bird, of the hawk kind, (Lanius Excubitor) appears to be accustomed to stick grasshoppers upon thorns, in order to tempt smaller birds to come within his reach. The end, however, for which insects are thus impaled by him, is merely conjectural. Since small birds are his prey, this design has much probability.

Memoir on a new species of Siren: By Mr. Beauvois.

This is a description of an animal, hitherto unknown, which Mr. Beauvois found in C. W. Peale's collection, taken from a bog near the Jersey shore of the river Delaware.

It is a kind of water-lizard, resembling the lizard in shape, and in the number and position of its legs, but having the gills of fish, and inhabiting the water. It is illustrated by figures. Mr. B. denominates it the Siren Operculata.

Reasons for ascribing the colour of negroes to leprosy. By Dr. B. Rush.

This is a very curious speculation. Its facts and reasonings deserve to be extracted. The substance of them is as follows:

"Many facts recorded by historians and physicians show the influence of unwholesome diet in producing leprosy in the middle and northern parts of Europe, in the 13th and 14th centuries. The same cause, combined with greater heat, more savage manners, and bilious fevers, probably produced this disease among the natives of Africa.

"1. The leprosy is sometimes accompanied with a black colour of the skin. There are (says Dr. Theiry, a Spanish physician) above twenty hospitals for lepers in Asturia, and I have observed six species of the disorder. One of them, viz. the second, is called the *black albaras* of the Arabians. The skin becomes black, thick and greasy. There are neither pustules, nor turbercles, nor scales, nor any thing uncommon on the skin. The body is not at all emaciated. The breathing is somewhat difficult, and the countenance has some fierceness in it. They exhale perpetually a disagreeable smell, which I can compare to nothing but the smell of a mortified limb.* This smell continues with a slight modification in the African to this day.

"2. The leprosy is said, in the Old Testament, and by many ancient writers, to impart a preternatural whiteness to the skin. Persons thus marked, have lately received the name of *albinos*. Instances of this disease are often met with among the Alps, but travellers describe it as endemic in Java, Guinea, and Panama, where it is transmitted through many generations. Hawkins, in his travels into Africa, has described the persons afflicted with this disease in the following words. They go entirely naked; their skin is white, but has not the animated appearance of Europeans. It has a deathlike whitish cast, more the hue of sickness than of health. Their hair is red, or ash-coloured, yellowish wool, and their eyes are white, in that part

* Observations de Physique et de Medecine faites en differens lieux de l'Espagne. Vol. ii. p. 130.

which in others is distinguished into black, grey, and blue. They are set deep in the head, and commonly squint; for as their skin is deprived of the black mucous web, characteristic of the Africans, so their eyes are destitute of that black matter resembling a pigment, found in people of all countries, and useful in preventing the eye from being injured by exposure to strong light. These people are born of black parents; they have all the features of other negroes. The difference of colour cannot arise from the intercourse of whites and blacks, for the whites rarely come among them, and the result of this union is well known to be the yellow colour, or mulatto. The natives assert that they are produced by women having intercourse with the large baboon, ourang-outang, and that species in particular called the guaga mooroos. No satisfactory solution of this difficulty has yet been given. It may perhaps be ascribed to *disease*, and that of the *leprous* kind, more than to any other cause that has been yet assigned. Mr. Bernardin concurs with Mr. Hawkins in ascribing this morbid whiteness in the skins of the Africans, wholly to the leprosy. However opposite it be to their morbid blackness, it is strictly in conformity to the operations of nature in other diseases. The same state of malignant fever is often marked by opposite colours in the stools, by an opposite temperature of the skin, and by opposite states of the alimentary canal.

The original connection of the colour of the negroes with leprosy, is likewise suggested by Bougainville. He tells us that on an island in the Pacific Ocean which he visited, the inhabitants were composed of negroes and mulattoes. They had thick lips, woolly hair, and were sometimes of a yellowish colour. They were short, ugly, ill proportioned, and most of them infected with the leprosy, on which account he called their habitation the Isle of Lepers.

3. The leprosy sometimes appears with white and black spots blended together in every part of the body. A picture of a negro man in Virginia, in whom this mixture of white and black had taken place, is to be found in Mr. Peale's museum.

4. The leprosy induces a morbid insensibility in the nerves. In countries where the disease prevails, it is common to say that a person void of sensibility, has no more feeling than a leper. This insensibility peculiarly belongs to the negroes. Dr. Moseley says, they are void of sensibility to a surprizing degree. They sleep sound in every disease, nor does any mental disturbance ever keep them awake. They bear surgical operations much better than white people, and what would occasion insupportable pain to a white man, a negro would almost disregard. I have amputated the legs of many negroes, who have held the upper part of the limb themselves.* This morbid insensibility in the negroes is apparent in the apathy with which they expose themselves to great heat, with which they handle coals of fire.

5. Lepers are remarkable for venereal desires. This is universal among negroes, which even slavery in its worst state, does not always subdue; for after whole days spent in hard labour, in a hot sun in the West-Indies, the men often walk five or six miles to comply with an assignation.

6. The big lip, and flat nose, are symptoms of the leprosy. They have more than once been seen in the Pennsylvania hospital.

* Treatise upon Tropical Diseases, p. 475.

7. The woolly head cannot be accounted for from climate, diet, state of society, or bilious diseases, for all those combined have not produced it in the natives of Asia and America, in similar latitudes. Here the similarity of leprosy, and the peculiarities of the negro, appear to fail, but there is a fact which will probably remove this difficulty. The Trichoma, or Plica Polonica of the Poles, is a symptom of leprosy. Hence it should seem that the leprosy had found its way to the covering of the head, and I see no difficulty in admitting that it may well have produced wool upon the head of a negro, as matted hair upon the head of the Pole.

But how shall we account for the long duration of this colour of the skin through so many generations?—I answer—1. That the leprosy is most durable in its descent to posterity, of any disease we are acquainted with. In Iceland, Van Troil tells us, it often disappears in the second and third, and appears in the fourth generation.* 2dly. No more happens here than what happens to many nations who are distinguished by peculiarity of figure, in any part of the body. Many of the highlanders of Scotland have the red hair, and the high cheek bones, ascribed to their ancestors by Tacitus. Even the tumors in the throat in the Cretins who inhabit the Alps, are transmitted from father to son, through many generations. Madness and consumption are hereditary in many families, and these occupy parts of the body more liable to change in successive generations than the skin.

Should it be objected that the leprosy is an infectious disorder, but that no infectious quality exists in the skin of the negro, it may be remarked that the leprosy has nearly ceased to be infectious, especially from contact, and that some instances occur of an infectious quality in the skin of a negro. A white woman in North-Carolina acquired not only a dark colour, but several features of a negro, by marrying and living with a black man. A similar instance of change in colour and features of a woman in Buck's county, Pennsylvania, has been observed to arise from a similar cause. In both cases, the women bore children by their black husbands.

It is no objection to this theory, that the negroes are as healthy and long lived as the whites. Local diseases of the skin seldom affect the general health of the body, or the duration of life. Dr. Theiry remarks, that the itch, and even the leprosy, did not impair longevity in those who lived near the seashore in the healthy climate of Galicia.†

These facts lead to the following reflections:

1. That all the claims of superiority of the whites over the blacks, on account of colour, are founded in ignorance. If this colour be the effect of disease, instead of provoking oppression, it should entitle them to a double portion of compassion.

2. Hence we may be taught to encourage the prejudice against such connections with them as tend to infect posterity with their disorder. This may be done without violence to humanity, or questioning the sameness of descent, or natural equality of mankind.

3. Is the colour of negroes a disease? Then let science and humanity endeavour to discover a remedy. Nature has begun spontaneous cures of this disease in several black people in this country. In a certain Henry Moss, the cure was nearly complete. The change

* Letters on Iceland, p. 122.

† Vol. ii. p. 171.

from black to a natural white flesh-colour began, about five years ago, at his finger-ends, and has extended gradually over the greatest part of his body. The wool which formerly covered his head, has been changed into hair. No change in the diet, dress, or employments of this man, had previously taken place. But this does not preclude artificial means of dislodging the colour in negroes, any more than the use of medicine is precluded by spontaneous cures in other cases.

In Henry Moss, the colour was first discharged from the skin in places where there had been most pressure from cloathing, and most attrition from labour, as on the trunk of his body, and on his fingers. The destruction of the black colour was probably occasioned by the absorption of the colouring matter of the rete mucosum, or, perhaps, of the rete mucosum itself, for pressure and friction is well known to aid the absorbing action of the lymphatics in every part of the body. Hence it is that the palms of the hands of negro women who spend their lives at a washing-tub, are generally as fair as the palms of the hands in labouring white people.

Depletion, whether by bleeding, purging, or abstinence, has been often observed to lessen the black colour in negroes. The effects of these remedies in curing the common leprosy, may convince us that they might be advantageously used in that state of leprosy which is conceived to exist in the skin of negroes.

A similar change, though merely temporary, has often been observed in them from the influence of fear.

Dr. Beddoes tells us that he discharged the colour in the black wool of a negro, by infusing it in the oxygenated muriatic acid; and lessened it by the same means in the hand of a negro man. The land-cloud of Africa, called by the Portuguese Ferrino, Mr. Hawkins tells us, has some effect in changing the black colour of the negro to a dusky grey.* Its action is accompanied, he says, with an itching and prickling sensation upon every part of the body, which increases with the length of exposure so as to become intolerable. It is, probably, air of the carbonic kind, for it always extinguishes fire.

A citizen of Philadelphia once saw the skin of one side of the cheek inclining to the chin, and of part of the hand in a negro boy, changed to white by the juice of unripe peaches (of which he ate a large quantity every year) falling, and resting frequently upon those parts of his body.

To encourage attempts to cure this disease of the skin in negroes, let us reflect that by succeeding, we shall produce a large portion of happiness in the world. We shall destroy one of the arguments in favour of enslaving the negroes, for their colour has been supposed by the ignorant to mark them as objects of divine judgment, and, by the learned, to qualify them for labour in hot and unwholesome climates.

We shall add greatly to their happiness, for, however contented they appear with their colour, there are many proofs of their preferring that of the white people.

We shall establish the belief of the whole human race being descended from one pair, and thereby not only add weight to the christian revelation, but remove a material obstacle to the exercise of that universal benevolence which is inculcated by it."

* Page 120, 121.

Art. XXIX.

A Funeral Oration, delivered at the Brick Presbyterian Church in the City of New-York, on the 22d day of February, 1800, being the day recommended by Congress to the Citizens of the United States, publicly to testify their grief for the Death of General Washington: by appointment of a number of the Clergy of New-York, and published at their request. By John M. Mason, M. A. *Pastor of the Associate-Reformed Church in the City of New-York.* 8vo. *pp.* 23. *New-York.* George F. Hopkins. 1800.

THIS performance begins with a very spirited exordium. It is brief, and a transition is easily and gracefully made to an enumeration of the great events of Washington's life. This method is strictly natural, and has therefore been adopted by every eulogist whom we have seen. A critical observer will be instructed and amused by marking the various combinations of words and associations of images produced, by the same events, in different minds; and, as human excellence is merely comparative, there hence arises a criterion by which the merit of the several orators may be weighed.

Mr. Mason begins his historical career at the opening of the revolution. Most of his compeers have taken up the subject of their praise at his infancy, and largely expatiated on the part which the deceased sustained as a soldier and negociator in the Indian wars. We greatly approve of Mr. Mason's method. It is an argument of true discernment to select the bold and characteristic features of the man, and to overlook the ordinary and minute lineaments which he possesses in common with a thousand others. Washington, in the field of Braddock, in a subordinate capacity, exerted courage and address; but what is this to his conduct as the soul and leader of a revolution, and as a civil magistrate! The former part, hundreds have sustained as well as he; but, to his conduct in the latter, a parallel will not easily be found. While millions are indebted for liberty and safety to his military and civil virtues as leader and governor, that attention which employs itself upon the exploits of his youth, so comparatively unimportant, though worthy of history, seems unsuitable to eloquence.

The events of the war are not distinctly related, but, more agreeably to the genius of eloquence, are displayed in summary and striking allusions. We have been tempted to smile when, on similar occasions, we have heard a very accurate abridgement of Washington's life; been informed of the day and year of each transaction, and of the failure or success of measures which may reasonably be imagined to be already known to us. The business of an orator is somewhat different from that of annalist or chronicler. His duty is to place known facts in a new light, and supply us with reflections not previously possessed, or possessed with less energy of passion or vividness of conception.

The conduct of Washington, at the close of the war, is thus pourtrayed:

"The hope of her reduction at length abandoned; her war of liberty brought, in the establishment of independence, to that honourable conclusion for which it had been undertaken; the hour arrived when he was to resign the trust which he had accepted with diffidence. To a mind less pure and elevated, the situation of America would have furnished the pretext, as well as the means, of military usurpation. Talents equal to daring enterprize; the derangement of public affairs; unbounded popularity; and the de-

votion of a suffering army, would have been, to every other, a strong, and to almost any other, an irresistible temptation. In Washington they did not produce even the pain of self-denial. They added the last proof of his disinterestedness; and imposed on his country the last obligation to gratitude. Impenetrable by corrupting influence; deaf to honest but erring solicitation; irreconcilable with every disloyal sentiment, he urged the necessity, and set the example, of laying down, in peace, arms assumed for the common defence.

"But we must not lose, in our sensibility, the remembrance of his penetration, his prudence, his regard of public honour, and of public faith. Abhorring outrage; jealous for the reputation, and dreading the excesses, of even a gallant army, flushed with conquest, prompted by incendiaries, and sheltered by a semblance of right, his last act of authority is to dismiss them to their homes without entering the capital. Accompanied with a handful of troops, he repairs to the Council of the States, and, through them, surrenders to his country the sword which he had drawn in her defence. Singular phenomenon! Washington becomes a private citizen! He exchanges supreme command for the tranquillity of domestic life! Go, incomparable man! to adorn no less the civic virtues, than the splendid atchievements of the field: go, rich in the consciousness of thy high deserts: go, with the admiration of the world, with the plaudit of millions, and the orisons of millions more for thy temporal and thine eternal bliss!"

The following view is given of the motives of Washington's declining a re-election to the office of supreme magistrate:

"Let not his motives be mistaken or forgotten. It was for him to set as great examples in the relinquishment, as in the acceptance of power. No mortified ambition; no haughty disgusts; no expectation of higher office, prompted his retreat. He knew that foreign nations considered his life as the bond, and his influence as the vital spirit of our union. He knew that his own lustre threw a shade over others, not more injurious to them than to his country. He wished to dispel the enchantment of his own name: he wished to relieve the apprehensions of America, by making her sensible of her riches in other patriots; to be a spectator of her prosperity under their management; and to convince herself, and to convince the world, that she depended less on him, than either her enemies or her friends believed—And therefore he withdrew."

On the style of this performance, it is not easy to pass judgment in which many will concur. It is vehement and figurative. Bold flights of passion, and of metaphor, are frequently attempted. To soar on such aspiring wings, with gracefulness and dignity, is surely difficult. Not sometimes to pass the bounds of propriety, of language, and of thought, is scarcely possible.

There is a strain, earnest and pathetic, fervent and bold, creative of solemnity and sorrow, rich in ornament and splendor, but never grotesque and extravagant, fantastic and incongruous, which all desire and all labour, but few are able to reach. We fear that Mr. Mason is sometimes to be found among the unsuccessful number.

If the test of rhetorick be the effect which it produces on the hearers, these errors cannot be imputed to this performance. There are few, with respect to which the approbation of the audience, and of the public in general, has been more ardent and unanimous; and this is a criterion of merit

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on which Mr. M. may safely rely, in despite of the censures of critics like us, even should we be inclined to censure.

Art. XXX.

An Eulogy on General George Washington, pronounced at Boston, on Wednesday, February 19, 1800, *before the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, by their appointment, and published at their request: By* John Davis, *Member of the Academy, &c. Boston.* Spotswood. 1800. *pp.* 24. 4*to.*

THIS address is remarkably characterized by simplicity and seriousness. It is of a mild and equable tenor. It abounds with proofs of clear judgment, and is free from all extravagance, or affectation.

We cannot but remark, likewise, that this orator has exhibited the character of the deceased in a light entirely new. His military and political virtues only, have been descanted on by others; but the occasion on which this eulogy was spoken, made it higly proper to view him as a lover and promoter of science; as one qualified for general pursuits, and accustomed to speak and write, as well as to act. After discussing his qualities as General and Magistrate, and pursuing him through the various events of his life, the following judicious remarks are made upon his character, as a patron and votary of learning.

"The illustrious Man, whose loss we now deplore, was among the first of your elected associates. It was a time of multiplied calamities. The military operations of the enemy were to be opposed in five different states of the union. A mind occupied with such immense concerns, could not be expected to apply itself to the immediate objects of your institution. Yet he accepts your invitation; looking forward, doubtless, to the happier days, when the arts of peace should succeed the horrors of war. As the first among the public characters of the age; as the pride and defence of your country, he was entitled to the earliest and most respectful expressions of your attention: but he was your associate by still more appropriate characters, by dispositions and accomplishments, altogether congenial to the nature and end of your institution.

"It is among the declared objects of your inquiry, to examine the various soils of the country, to ascertain their natural growths and the different methods of culture: to promote and encourage agriculture, arts, manufactures and commerce: to cultivate the knowledge of the natural history of the country, and to determine the uses, to which its various productions may be applied.

"Pursuits of this nature always commanded his attention, and to some of them he was peculiarly attached. They were frequently the topics of his conversation, and the subject of his correspondence, with ingenious and public spirited men, in different parts of the world.

"With a mind well-fitted to acquire just conceptions on any subject, to which his attention was directed, he would, I am persuaded, have been distinguished in the abstruser branches of science, if the course of life, which he had chosen, or to which he was impelled, had not been incompatible with the pursuit. In patient investigation, unwearied assiduity, and systematic arrangement, he was excelled by none. The uniform success, which attended his operations in military and political life, evinces great solidity of judgment: and he, who could produce such correct and prosperous results, in the great

affairs of a nation, so liable to be defeated or impeded, by the ever varying humours and prejudices of men, with like application, might have been equally distinguished in the steady regions of science, whose permanent relations and connected truths, never fail to disclose themselves to industrious research and attentive contemplation."

In the following estimate of the style of Washington's compositions, we willingly concur, objecting, however, to praise implied by the unqualified use of the terms of "purity, propriety and precision."

"While contemplating the character of *Washington*, in a literary point of view, I must not omit to consider his style. It is distinguished for purity, propriety, and precision; and some of the most correct philologists have pronounced, that most of the qualities of a good style are united in his compositions. In his letters he is plain: in his public addresses elegant: in all he is correct, expressing, in a small compass, his clear conceptions, without tiresome verbosity, or any parade of ornament. In attending to what has fallen from his pen, the connection between modes of thinking and writing; between character and composition is apparent. His writings are marked with the strong and pleasing features of sincerity, simplicity and dignity."

There are few of these publications, on which the judicious reader will reflect with more satisfaction than the present. The strain is uniformly rational and temperate, and that level is invariably preserved which it is more disgraceful to fall below, than honourable to rise above.

Art. XXXI.

An Oration upon the Death of General George Washington; delivered in the State-House, at Trenton, on the 14th January, 1800. By the Rev. Samuel Stanhope Smith, *D. D. President of the College of New-Jersey: and published at the desire of the Committee of the Citizens, &c. of Trenton, at whose request it was pronounced. Trenton.* Craft. 8*vo. pp.* 45. 1800.

"GREAT God! we adore thy sovereign providence, which hath smitten the father of his country, and left a nation in tears!" Such is the exordium of this oration, which pursues to the end, though with somewhat diminished vehemence, the same strain of glowing eloquence.

Washington is here delineated from the dawn to the evening of life. His education and exercises are briefly related. His conduct in youth, as negociator and soldier, his generalship during the revolutionary contest, and his transactions as legislator and magistrate, are displayed to view, and embellished with all the colours of rhetoric.

In the summary narrative which is given of his military exploits, we must see the peculiar propriety of dwelling, most circumstantially, upon those events which took place at Princeton and Trenton, and, in general, in the native State of the orator and his auditors.

The private life of Washington is thus described:

"In private life, he was as amiable as virtuous, and as great as he appeared sublime on the public theatre of the world. How many conquerors, renowned in history, have been great only while they acted a conspicuous part under the observation of mankind! The soul, in such a situation, perceives an artificial elevation—it assumes the sentiments of virtue corresponding to the grandeur of the objects that surround it. In private, it subsides into itself; and, in the ordinary details of life and con-

duct, the men, who seemed to be raised above others by the splendour of some rare occasions, now sink below them; they are degraded by their passions; those who were able to command armies, have lost the power of self-command; and, when they are not *heroes*, they are nothing. Washington was always equal to *himself*. There was a dignity in the manner in which he performed the smallest things. A majesty surrounded him that seemed to humble those who approached him, at the same time that there was a benignity in his manners that invited their confidence and esteem. His virtues, always elevated and splendid, shone only with a milder light by being placed in the vale of retirement. He was sincere, modest, upright, humane; a friend of religion; the idol of his neighbours as well as of his country; magnificent in his hospitality, but plain in his manners, and simple in his equipage. And the motives of these virtues we are not to seek in a vain affectation of popularity, which has often enabled the cunning and the artful to make great sacrifices to public opinion, but in the native impulse and goodness of his heart. His emotions, naturally strong and ardent, as they are, perhaps, in all great men, he had completely subjected to the controul of reason, and placed under the guard of such a vigilant prudence, that he never suffered himself to be surprised by them. Philosophy and religion in his breast had obtained a noble triumph: and his first title to command over others, was his perfect command of himself. Such a sublime idea had he formed of man, that, in him, you never detected any of the littlenesses of the passions. His consummate prudence, which was one of his most characteristic qualities, and which never forsook him for a moment, contributed to fix the affections and the confidence of his fellow-citizens, which he had acquired by his talents. Eminently distinguished for his conjugal and domestic virtues, the perfect purity of his private morals added not a little to that dignity of character in which he was superior to all men. There is a majesty in virtue which commands the respect even of those who do not love it, and which gives to great talents their highest lustre. Ah! if the ambitious knew, or were willing to estimate its influence on reputation, and its powerful command over the minds of men, they would study to be virtuous from self-interest."

The close is as follows:

"Finally, every thing serves to remind us of our departed and beloved chief, and to renew continually in our breasts, the most grateful, along with the most afflicting recollections. If the husbandman tills his lands, and calls them his own, have they not been gained by his wisdom and valour? Do we enjoy our hearths and our altars in peace? Have they not been purchased by his toils and his dangers? There is not a village, not a field, not a stream which he has not stained with the blood of our enemies,* or where he has not inscribed on the earth with his sword, the characters of American liberty. Ah! by how many dear and tender ties does he hold possession of our hearts! Wives and mothers think they have lost him who preserved to them their husbands and their infants; the young think they have lost in him a father; fathers that *they* have lost more than their children; the republic that she has lost her founder and her saviour; every citizen fears lest the peace, the union, the glory of America is entombed with him. No, my

* This is almost literally true of all the middle counties of New-Jersey.

fellow-citizens! This fear shall not be realized. Washington, though dead, is not lost. His ashes shall defend the republic that contains them; the capitol, that rests upon his remains, shall be immortal; his example shall live to instruct posterity; his virtues shall descend as a precious inheritance to future ages; the future lawgivers and rulers of America shall come to his tomb to reanimate their own virtues; and, if it be true that the wise and good, amidst the supreme felicities of their celestial existence, are still occupied with the cares, and sometimes made the guardians of that which was the dearest to them upon earth, O spirit of Washington! will not thy beloved country still be thy care?"

After these specimens, it would be useless to comment upon the style of this oration. The reader will judge for himself, and will doubtless perceive many things worthy of applause, not only in the selection and arrangement of sentiments and facts, but in the mode of composition. The language is always flowing, animated, and uncommonly correct.

There is no absolute criterion of eloquence. All its merit and demerit is comparative. Our standard is drawn from the highest excellence which we have witnessed, and orators are censured or applauded in proportion as they fall below or reach this actual standard; as they are better or worse than their neighbours.

Truth is, in no respect, the measure of their claims. The fidelity to nature of the portrait drawn by a professed eulogist, is a foreign consideration. We are only to consider its lustre, brilliancy, and gracefulness. The contest between dealers in encomium, is which shall praise with most ardour. They do not vie with each other in the accuracy with which they copy the face or character intrusted to them, but in the perfection of their picture, considered merely as a picture. The question to be asked is, merely, in whose portrait are most virtues assembled? On whose canvass has abstract excellence been exhibited with most completeness and most skill?

Eulogies, therefore, reflect little light upon the character of him who is the subject of them. They are chiefly specimens of the genius of the orator. They display the richness of his fancy, the fertility of his conception, the luxuriance of his style, and his mode of estimating moral duty and intellectual excellence.

Considered in this light, Dr. S. will surely stand high in the catalogue of eulogists. There are few who have commented with equal copiousness and energy upon the following text: "His character is a constellation of all the great qualities that dignify and adorn human nature. The virtues and the talents which, in other instances, are divided among many, are combined in him."

Art. XXXII.

The Death of Washington, a Poem, in imitation of the manner of Ossian. By Rev. John Blair Linn, *A. M. Minister of the first Presbyterian Congregation of Philadelphia. Philadelphia. Ormrod.* 8vo. 1800.

THE design of this writer is to borrow the phrases and images of the Scotish Bard, and apply them to Wash[illegible]. The propriety of this design is a consideration very different from that of the success with which it is executed.

We cannot sincerely applaud, neither shall we very earnestly condemn the design. As a sport of fancy, as productive of that amusement and surprise, resulting from the

adaptation of images and allusions of a remote and uncultivated age, to the events and characters of the most enlightened and improved; such performances may not displease an indulgent reader. The scrupulous might deem such combinations uncouth, grotesque, and, perhaps, debasing. The artless harp, the barren heath, the misty isles, the round tower and glimmering hall, the bow and the spear, and all the bleak, comfortless, and rude appendages of a savage state of manners, a churlish soil, and an unfriendly temperature, may seem to some but ill suited to convey or adorn the regrets of a civilized and numerous people, for a statesman and leader of the eighteenth century.

A scheme of this kind circumscribes, in many ways, the efforts of imagination and genius. As Washington is changed into Fingal, and his poet is a countryman of Ossian, the topics of praise should, of course, be such as is suited to his visionary character. Whatever distinguishes the head of the American armies or senates, from the chieftain of Morven, must, to make the imitation just, be excluded from the picture. His military virtues must resolve themselves into valour and skill in the management of his spear, and his civil virtues disappear altogether. In acting the savage, we must necessarily put off the guise of the civilized man. We must make ourselves naked and forlorn as he.

In the prosecution of his plan, Mr. Linn has fallen into errors, which, indeed, could have hardly been avoided, but by a naked and meagre transcript of the Hebridian poet. He has transported us to the age and country of Fingal and Ossian. He has given us their mists, halls, and harps, but he has improperly introduced, into such company, Vernon, Potowmack, Monongahela, Princeton, Delaware, York, Boston, Columbia, and Braddock; the tribes of the desert, and towered cities. In carrying us to the Hebrides, these, and all images foreign to our new abode, should have been left behind.

Being master of Hebridian scenery and manners, and conversant with the allusions and phrases of Ossian (or M'Pherson), it is not difficult to imitate them; that is, to place these images, allusions, and phrases, in a new order, and bestow them upon men with new names. The skill and prowess of his hero in battle, the suspense of his wife, and the lamentation of the bard, will be the theme of his song. "The thistle" will "shake his lonely head." Silence will be "in the hall of his fathers. His bow hangs unbent. His spear leans against the wall. His foes no longer hear the sound of his shield. His wife is left alone in her sorrow."

The success of this attempt will be best discovered, by the disciples of Ossian, in the following description of the passage of the Delaware.

"Shall he follow to Trenton, thy silent footsteps, where the foe were surprised in their slumber, and fell before thy arms of power: Dark was the night—such as when the spirit of Loda takes his flight. Silence had folded her wings and slept upon the hills. The weary warrior rested on his shield. Fingal with his band were awake. The darkened Delaware rolled beneath the winds. The spirit of destruction guarded his shores, and shrieked amid the angry deep. Fingal approached. The light glimmered on the distant way. His joy arose amid the storm, like the lightning's path through the sky of darkness. He pointed with his spear the course to his friends. He dashed the waters beneath him—and leapt on the

ground of the foe. The foe awoke amid the arms of Fingal——Strike the harp, sons of Columbia!—let the voice of the song arise—such as the hero might hear, while he leaned upon his shield, and his warriors slumbered around."

On the whole, this attempt deserves to be approved, though we should be pleased to see Mr. Linn select a different pattern for his imitation. He has talents which might be successfully employed in a manner more conducive to a lasting reputation.

ART. XXXIII.

A Poem; sacred to the Memory of George Washington, late President of the United States, and Commander in Chief of the Armies of the United States; adapted to the 22d February, 1800. *By* Richard Alsop. 8*vo. pp.* 23. *Hartford.* Hudson *and* Goodwin.

WHEN the death of Washington had awakened every sympathetic feeling, and roused every faculty of the orator to do justice to his character, and render homage to his memory, it was not to be expected that the poet would slumber in silence, or his lyre be unstrung. But the effusions of the latter have been extremely rare. Thousands may, from education and habit, deem themselves qualified to discharge the functions of an orator or eulogist on this occasion, but those of the poet are more arduous, and demand those splendid endowments, those divine energies which belong only to the few.

The plan of the present poem is simple and inartificial. Ideas succeed each other, and events are related in their natural order, without any admirable contrivance or studied arrangement. There is no great boldness of design displayed, nor much of that fine phrenzy, that magic power which leads the imagination captive, awakens and irresistibly sways all the feelings of the soul. Without being impassioned and impetuous, flows in a strain equable, clear, and melodious. The thoughts are just and appropriate, and the author appears to have been satisfied with clothing them in a poetical dress, without exerting the utmost powers of art and imagination. If his fancy soar not on eagle-wings, under the guidance of a chaste and correct judgment, it bears him on his way with dignity and ease. It is not overheated with the subject, nor embarrassed with crude and half-formed images of things, and all the distortions of a labouring mind. No disjointed or shapeless figures, decked in gorgeous attire and glittering with gaudy hues, flit before us. Enlightened judgment and good taste are discernible, but they are exercised rather in rejecting what is vitious, false, or inelegant, than in adopting those transcendent qualities, those splendid and divine attributes which belong to performances that have attained the highest point of poetic merit. The composition has all the advantages of thought, of numbers, full, flowing, and harmonious, and a versification, with few exceptions, smooth and elegant. While he bestows praise on these essential and valuable ingredients of style, the lover of genuine poetry may, perhaps, require something more—rich and splendid imagery, and an eloquence fervid, pathetic, and transporting, which at pleasure awakens and subdues every emotion of the heart, filling it with sensations of wonder and delight.

The following introductory passage, by its solemnity and pensiveness, is well suited to the opening of the poem:

"Why on this day* when erſt in ſmiles array'd,
Each cheerful mein the ſigns of joy diſplay'd;
When the gay pomp of military ſhow
With ſprightly ardour gave each breaſt to glow;
When the ſcarr'd veteran, fill'd with honeſt pride,
Reſum'd his war-worn garb and martial ſtride;
When feeble age rekindling vigour knew,
And playful childhood ſtill more ſportive grew;
With added charms when beauty ſmil'd ſerene,
Prepar'd to grace the feſtive birth-night ſcene;
Why o'er the city ſpreads this death-like gloom?
Why round diſplay'd the emblems of the tomb?
Why ſounds yon paſſing knell in accents ſlow,
And ſtrings each heart in uniſon of woe?
Why o'er thoſe martial bands gay ſtandards wave
In mournful pomp the colours of the grave?
Why droops yon veteran ſoldier's hoary head,
His honeſt pride, his wonted ardour fled?
Why heaves the breaſt of age, that tort'ring ſigh?
Why mark'd with gloom is childhood's frolic eye?
Why does the fair abſorb'd in grief appear,
As down her cheek ſlow ſteals the unbidden tear?

"Has that dire fiend, who holds unſeen his way
In midnight's ſhades, or midſt the glare of day,
Again reſumed his waſteful fell career,
Arm'd with new wrath, with terrors more ſevere?
Does each amid the gen'ral ſuff'ring mourn
A friend or father from his boſom torn?
Does age lament his ſole ſurviving ſtay,
Or childhood weep a parent, ſnatch'd away?
Do floods of grief the cheek of beauty lave
To mark a father's or a lover's grave?
Ah, no! the peſtilence' malignant breath
Waſtes not our cities with the blaſt of death,
In icy chains the noxious fiend is bound,
And pureſt gales ſalubrious breathe around.
Theſe marks of woe, no private loſs the cauſe,
No private grief the tear from millions draws,
But all a guardian, friend, and ſire deplore;
The great, *the immortal* Waſhington's no more.

Mr. A. then relates the defeat of Braddock, the departure of the British forces from Boston, the retreat of the Americans from York Island, the capture of the Hessians at Princeton, the battle of Monmouth, capture of Cornwallis, the return of peace, the retirement and civil administration of Washington. This description is forcible, correct and pleasing.

The following is a sketch of the character of General Washington:

"Exalted Chief, in thy ſuperior mind
What vaſt reſource, what various talents join'd!
Temper'd with ſocial virtue's milder rays,
There patriot worth diffus'd a purer blaze:
Form'd to command reſpect, eſteem inſpire,
Midſt ſtateſmen grave, or midſt the ſocial choir,
With equal ſkill the ſword or pen to wield,
In council great, unrivall'd in the field;
Mid glittering courts or rural walks to pleaſe,
Polite with grandeur, dignified with eaſe;
Before the ſplendours of thy high renown
How fade the glow-worm luſtres of a crown,
How ſink diminiſh'd, in that radiance loſt,
The pride of conqueſt, and of power the boaſt!
Let Greece her Alexander's deeds proclaim,
Or Cæſar's triumphs gild the Roman name,
Stripp'd of the dazzling glare around them caſt,
Shrinks at their crimes, humanity, aghaſt;
With equal claim to honour's glorious meed,
See Attila his courſe of havoc lead!

* The birth-day of Waſhington.

O'er Aſia's realms, in one vaſt ruin hurl'd,
See furious Zingis' bloody flag unfurl'd.
On baſe far-different from the conqueror's claim
Reſts the unſullied column of thy fame;
His on the woes of millions proudly bas'd,
With blood cemented and with tears defac'd;
Thine on a nation's welfare fix'd ſublime,
By freedom ſtrengthen'd and rever'd by time.
He, as the comet, whoſe portentous light
Spreads baleful ſplendour o'er the glooms of night,
With chill amazement fills the ſtartled breaſt,
While ſtorms and earthquakes dire its courſe atteſt,
And nature trembles, leſt, in chaos hurl'd,
Should ſink the tott'ring fabric of the world.
Thou, like the Sun, whoſe *kind propitious* ray
Opes the glad morn and lights the fields of day,
Diſpels the wintry ſtorm, the chilling rain,
With rich abundance clothes the ſmiling plain,
Gives all creation to rejoice around,
And life and light extends o'er nature's utmoſt bound."

The poet then describes the magnanimity and resignation of General Washington in his last illness, and anxiously deprecates the influence of faction and discord, now the voice of him who had hitherto restrained their progress, is no more.

To chide these gloomy forebodders of the helpless condition of our country, deprived of its support and protector, a heavenly messenger is introduced:

" ———But lo, from opening ſkies,
What white-rob'd form deſcending meets my eyes!
Bright beams of glory o'er his temples twine,
And in his eyes celeſtial lightnings ſhine.
He ſpeaks—in ſilence all is huſh'd around,
And ſinks the liſtening breeze in calm profound.
'Short-ſighted mortal! by what fury driven,
'Dar'ſt thou arraign the high beheſts of heav'n?
'What raſhneſs wild, what madneſs of deſpair
'Prompts thee to doubt the Almighty's guardian care?
'Say, doſt thou murmur that the harveſt's Lord
'The ripen'd ear has in his garner ſtor'd?
'Would'ſt thou complain that, freed from ills of life,
'From this low vale of ſorrow and of ſtrife,
'With honours laden, and in full of time,
'To realms of joy and ſeats of bliſs ſublime,
'Great Waſhington has wing'd his rapt'ur'd way,
'And walks with angels mid the blaze of day?
'Learn that the ills you plain are light to thoſe
'Deep-ſtamp'd in blood, offending Europe knows."

The state of America is then contrasted with the miseries of Europe, produced by revolutions and wars, and we are bidden to derive consolation and hope from the survey.

'Then ceaſe to murmur at the afflicting rod,
'But bow ſubmiſſive to the will of God,
'And taught by other's woes, convicted, own
'That mercy e'en in chaſtening ſtill is ſhown.
'Freed from the world, reſign'd its load of cares,
'Though Waſhington the bliſs of angels ſhares,
'Yet, not unmindful of Columbia's weal,
'Still glows his breaſt with love and patriot zeal,
'Her guardian Spirit, ſtill with ſhielding hand,
'He turns the ſtorm that thickens o'er her land,
'With generous pride her ardent youth inſpires,
'Directs her ſtateſmen and her warriors fires:
'His name, his bright example long ſhall prove
'Her bond ſecure of union and of love,
'Shall urge her ſons to emulate his worth,
'And wake each ſlumb'ring virtue into birth:
'Adhering firmly to his precepts pure,
'To lateſt time her freedom ſhall endure,
'If not ſeduc'd, to foreign wiles a prey,

'She madly caſt the precious boon away.'
—Fleets the fair form, but ſtill the voice I hear,
Still its laſt accents ſtrike upon my ear.
Reprov'd and humbled I my error ſee,
And bend in rev'rence to the high decree.'

Mr. A. earnestly exhorts the youth of our country to emulate the great example of their patriot father; to resist foreign influence and domestic intrigue; to maintain the edifice of our political freedom; and, discarding local prejudices and party animosities, to unite in the disinterested pursuit of their country's welfare.

The concluding lines are a tribute of delicate respect to Mrs. Washington, to whom the poem is dedicated by the author.

"Ere yet the Muſe in ſilence cloſe the ſtrain,
While ſtill her hands the ſinking lyre retain,
To thee, reſpected Mourner, would ſhe pay
A ſolemn tribute in the heart-felt lay,
Awake the ſtrings to ſympathetic woe,
And bid the notes of conſolation flow.
But who ſhall venture with preſumption rude,
On ſorrow's ſacred ſilence to intrude;
May no raſh voice diſturb that deep repoſe,
Afflicted Mourner, hallow'd be thy woes!"

SELECTED.

Remarkable Adventures of Mr. JOHNSON, *of Virginia, taken Priſoner in* 1790, *by the Indians.*

[Continued from p. 155, and concluded.]

THE prisoners, we may easily conceive, profited by the liberty they enjoyed of keeping constantly together. Their melancholy converſation breathed despair in consequence of their having missed the last favourable opportunity of escape, rather than hope of meeting with another. Yet this hope, chimerical as it might appear, was not entirely abandoned. The chief of the troop had conceived some mistrust from their being constantly together; and his apprehension increased at the sight of a knife, which Mr. Johnson inadvertently drew out of his pocket, and which he had carefully preserved for the purpose of cutting the ropes with which he was tied at night, if any favourable opportunity should offer. On the prisoners being again searched, a few guineas were found in the pocket of James Skuyl, which had been overlooked at the first search, and which heightened the mistrust. The first means to which the Indians resorted for their security were, to strip both the unfortunate prisoners of their breeches, instead of which they were furnished with a short apron, tied round their hips, and reaching half way down their thighs, which cloathed them in the Indian fashion. Their shirts were exchanged for coarser ones. Yet, all these precautions were not sufficient to allay the fears of their keepers. On the next morning, the chief ordered the troop to separate into two divisions; and James Skuyl to proceed with one, while Johnson continued with the other; they were both to reach the same place of destination by different roads.

This new separation proved extremely painful to Mr. Johnson; the fellowship in misfortune had converted a four-days acquaintance into the most intimate friendship. Skuyl was his support, his hope, the only being with whom he could associate; yet him he lost, left alone in nature's vast domain, and given up entirely to his grief and apprehensions, considerably heightened

by this loss. The separation from a dearly beloved wife, Mr. Johnson said, could hardly affect the heart with keener pangs, than he felt on being torn from this four-days friend. Yet, how was he to oppose the iron-hand of necessity? A wise man, and this is his chief merit, resigns himself to calamities he cannot avert: thus did Mr. Johnson. He soon determined on concealing, as much as possible, his painful sensations; and, under the appearance of serenity, to beguile the mistrust of his masters. He was powerfully supported in the execution of this design by an innate firmness, calmness, and cheerfulness of temper. Though the hideous image of impending death would often press upon his mind, he found some consolation in the thought, that not every prisoner is irrevocably doomed by the Indians to suffer death; but that, at times, they employ their captives to assist them in hunting, or adopt them as members of their tribes. He has repeatedly assured me, that even in moments of the most imminent danger, during his captivity, his spirits never failed him for any length of time. A ray of hope would constantly re-animate his courage, though, wanting probability, it quickly vanished; but, though less miserable than many others would have been in his situation, he was constantly wretched.

The sameness of the remaining journey was not chequered by any remarkable events. The marches were longer or shorter in proportion to the game they killed, to the duration of their sleep at noon, and to the delight they found in smoaking their pipes. But their length especially depended on the will of the chief, and the advice of the conjurors. Their dreams frequently alter the direction of their journies. They fell in with several wandering troops of Indians, which caused a longer or shorter delay, according to the hour at which they met. At times, the two troops would dine together; but they never parted without having informed each other of their exploits, and exhibited their prisoners with pride and ostentation. At night, Mr. Johnson was always tied looser or tighter, according to the whim of the Indian who undertook this charge, without always belonging to his guards, being sometimes deputed by one of them who had, perhaps, some business in front or rear of the troop; and, in this case, the deputy would often endeavour to justify the confidence placed in him, by tying his prisoner as closely as he could. One night, he was tied so tightly, that the ropes cut deep into his arms, and were covered by the swelling they occasioned: yet, he dared not to complain, for the whole party being interested in the preservation of prisoners, every measure tending to that purpose, could not but obtain universal approbation. At another time he was beaten by the chief for no other reason than the ill humour of this brute, yet he dared not to murmur. Once he was severely beaten by an Indian from a mere brutish desire of using him thus: but this time his patience forsook him. He returned the blows with the approbation of the whole troop. They said he had proved himself a man; none but women submitted to such treatment without opposition. From that time he observed, or fancied, that they treated him with more respect. In the meanwhile the real commander or chief of the troop rejoined them, after two days separation. Having altered his idea of reaching home sooner than the rest, he resolved on scouring the woods with his Indians, and it was by mere accident he fell in with the troop from which he had separated. Peggy Flemming was with them,

apparently much habituated to their masters, as she preferred their protection to the company of Mr. Johnson. A few days after, the troop met a negro laden with whisky. He was the slave of an Indian, who was hunting in the woods, and had commissioned him to sell this liquor. Within a short time the negro sold his whole stock, and followed the troop, waiting for his master. The Indians halted soon after to drink their whisky with more ease, and to prepare for their entrance into Sandusky, which was distant but a few days journey. Their preparations consisted in the complete process of an Indian toilette; that is to say, they touched up and refreshed the colours with which the Indians are accustomed to paint both the face and body. Every one is at liberty to paint himself after his own fancy, except that they all wear one certain mark either on their breast or arms. A black paint, prepared of charcoal, and a red, composed of minium and cinnabar, are most frequently used. The whole body and face are plastered with these paints. They suffer their hair to grow only about the scalp; and cut off the rest, close to the head, either in irregular lines, proceeding from the eyes and the root of the nose, and branching out from this central point in various forms, or parallel lines, extending near each other in the same direction. At times it is a sort of hair-dress, on which, apparently, no care is bestowed. But the fact is, that they attend to this sort of ornament with a peculiar care, and pass whole hours before their looking-glass, which they carry constantly about them to complete their dressing. This they value as highly as the handsomest European coquette can do; and are as much pleased, when it is finished to their satisfaction, as she may be. On such days they pluck off the hair from the eye-brows and beard, with more care than they usually bestow on this operation. As to the common mark or sign, which they wear painted on their breast or arms, it is generally the image of some animal. That of the tribe of the Shawanese was a wolf. The women wear it in common with the men; but they paint only the cheek-bones, for the most part, red. They suspend small silver or iron rings from the whole cartilaginous part of the ear. The men wear them in the nose. Either sex generally wears a silver collar, from which a cross is suspended. A short shirt, reaching down to the apron, which is tied round the hips, is the common dress of both sexes; in cold weather they throw a short mantle round the shoulders. Such, at least, are the dress and fineries of the Shawanese. Nearly all the tribes vary in this respect, as well as in many others. After the company were thus arrayed, they proceeded on their journey. The negro spoke English; and, as the Indians entertained no mistrust against him, he had it in his power to impart to Mr. Johnson some interesting information, which, though not calculated to inspire the prisoners with hope, yet proved to him extremely valuable and important. The troop was soon joined by the master of the negro, and shortly after by two other Indians, who took Mr. Johnson by the hand, and conducted him to the chief, whom they seemed to address in a suppliant manner, and with an air of submission. At the close of an hour's conversation, the subject of which was the prisoner, and after the petitioners had delivered two gallons of whisky, mostly quaffed by the chief, Mr. Johnson was surrendered to them and carried off. All his ideas were absorbed by the prospect of certain destruction, which impressed his

mind; every ray of hope vanished for a moment; every perception was lost; he dared not to ask the negro, who, in conjunction with his master, had joined the two Indians, ignorant as he was, whether he might not be conducted with them; whether the compassion he seemed to shew, were not an artifice to betray him; whether he were not, perhaps, his most cruel enemy, his executioner! For sometime, he moved on in silence and secret despair; but, being no longer able to support the torturing idea of the uncertainty of his fate, he, at last, with great timidity, had recourse to the negro, and learned from him, that one of the two Indians, to whom he now belonged, having some time ago killed an Indian of the tribe of the Mingoes, he was bound by the laws of the tribe to furnish a person instead of the Indian slain, or, in default of this, to be himself surrendered up to the vengeance of his family; that, being too poor to buy a prisoner, he had prevailed upon the Shawanese by his entreaties, and persuaded the chief, by means of the whisky, to make him a present of Johnson, so that he now pertained to the tribe of the Mingoes; but that previously to his being delivered up to them he would pass a few days at his master's, who was a neighbour of the two Indians. The prospect of slavery was pleasing to Mr. Johnson; he was happy even at this price to preserve his life, the loss of which had been constantly before his eyes. He deemed himself more fortunate, as he entertained a hope, that by some means or other he might be able to shorten the period of his captivity. He journeyed on about four days with his new masters, and lived with them in the same manner as with the former, except that he was not tied at night. His old masters had given him back his clothes, and, on comparing his present situation with his former, and especially with that which he expected in anxious suspense, he felt happy. But this happiness was not of long duration. His unlucky stars would have it so, that after four days marching he again fell in with the Shawanese. The chief, who now had become sober, was no longer so generous as before, and regretted his former generosity. He demanded Mr. Johnson from the two Indians, but was refused. The two Indians referred to the testimony of the negro and his master, which was in their favour; but, the Shawanese being the stronger party, they proceeded from demands to menaces, and from menaces to acts of violence: the two Indians, destitute of all means of defence, were easily conquered; and Mr. Johnson, torn from the Shawanese, was re-plunged into his former anxiety and misery. His situation appeared to him the more desperate, as a French merchant of Canada, who, being informed by the Indians, that the Shawanese had a white prisoner with them, came to redeem him, but had met with a refusal from the chief, who told him, that he meant to lead him, with the other booty, in triumph through his town. The merchant promised Mr. Johnson to renew his application the next morning, but the latter had renounced all hope. The merchant actually came the next morning, according to his promise, at the time of the arrival of the prisoner, and made several trifling bargains with the Indians; but all his applications concerning Johnson were in vain. The unfortunate young man, therefore, had no hope left, but what the prospect of occurrences, incidental to a journey of one hundred and fifty miles, the actual distance of his place of destination, could afford. An event, with which his most sanguine hopes could not have flattered him, soon took place. The Shawanese, proceeding on

their journey, met an Indian with a horse loaded with whisky; part of the booty was quickly exchanged for some barrels. The next morning the remainder of the booty went the same way, and on the following day they paid the Indian for what whisky he had left, in horses, which they had brought with them from the banks of the Ohio. The Shawanese passed six days in a state of continual intoxication, and continued drinking until they had nothing left to drink. Ashamed to return to their tribe without any trophies but one single prisoner, they determined on another expedition, in which Mr. Johnson was to co-operate. Yet, on mature deliberation, they found it still more adviseable to sell the prisoner, in order to be able to drink whisky, and drink it largely, previously to their taking the field again. The expression of vehemence and savageness in their faces, which was heightened by the fumes of whisky, not yet altogether evaporated, greatly increased Mr. Johnson's uneasiness during these debates. It was in vain his woe-worn mind endeavoured to find out their object, when the following morning he was called to the two chiefs, who ordered him to mount a horse and push on with them as fast as he could. He now imagined that his last hour was come; but this time his fear was not of long duration. The place whither he was conducted was not above five miles distant; it was the habitation of Mr. Duchoquet, the merchant whom he had already seen. After some glasses of whisky had been drank, the bargain was soon struck; six hundred small silver shirt-buckles, such as the common people wear, constituted the ransom, amounting to twenty-five Louis d'or. Mr. Johnson's happiness may be easily conceived, but he did not yet feel it in its whole extent; which is generally the case in sudden transitions from extreme wretchedness to a state of felicity and peace. The rapid and complete delivery from death and bondage appeared to him like a dream, in which he dared not to indulge. Mr. Duchoquet endeavoured to convince him of the reality of his happy situation, and he began to believe in it, when the next morning the two Indians who had conducted him thither, again made their appearance. Mr. Duchoquet was himself of opinion that they came to rescind the agreement, and confirmed his new guest in the determination he had formed, to sell his life dear; when one of the Indians came up to him, unarmed, and said smiling, "That on the preceding day he had forgotten something which belonged to him, which most certainly he must have missed, and which they came to return to him." It was a code of laws for Virginia, which his masters had left him during his journey. Mr. Johnson was less sensible of the delicacy of this conduct, which even among refined Europeans would have been considered as a proof of great attention, than happy on account of the perfect security which this behaviour of his former masters guaranteed to him, and which continued undisturbed by any further accident.

Not being able to reach the settled parts of America without a guide, he was necessitated to wait the season, when Mr. Duchoquet usually went to Canada. Until that period he continued with him in his habitation, and assisted him in his trade with the Indians. This afforded him an opportunity of getting acquainted with several tribes, whose manners and customs differed but little from those of the Shawanese. Unacquainted with their language, he could not himself collect much information concerning them; and besides, he was too much occupied by his eager desire of being restored to his family and

friends to study the manners and habits of savages whom he was anxious to quit. He learned, however, from his host, that all the tribes in that neghbourhood believe in a Supreme Being, and in the duration of the existence of the soul after the close of this mortal life. They hold that the punishment of those who have rendered themselves guilty of wicked deeds (and with them none are wicked deeds but inactivity and cowardice in hunting and warfare, and perfidy to their friends), consists in their being removed after death into unhealthy woods, where there is no other game but small birds; while they who have constantly observed an honest, gallant conduct, are transplanted into forests abounding with the largest game, of which the numbers never diminish. He farther was informed by his host, that Indian women (called in their language squaws) are kept by their husbands in a sort of slavery, frequently beaten, and, in case of adultery, often maimed by them—a punishment which they are much inclined to inflict. Girls, or unmarried women, on the contrary, enjoy full liberty to gratify their desires as they please; and, so far from their forfeiting, by this gratification, the esteem of the men, a woman is held in little estimation by the Indians who, previous to her marriage, has not been engaged in some amorous intrigue; "For," say they, "disdained as she has been by all men, she is unworthy of love." According to his observation, the Shwanese are lazy, imprudent, melancholy, silent, and without thought for the coming day. As to the general character of the Indians, he knew that, whatever acts of cruelty they may exercise against their prisoners, in particular against such as they take in time of war, they are in their friendship true and faithful to a degree which has long become obsolete among civilized nations.

At the beginning of June, Mr. Duchoquet set out with his guest on his journey to Canada. Lake Erie was but fifty miles distant. They embarked there for Detroit, where Mr. Duchoquet resides. But, before they reached Lake Erie, they had to pass the small lake Sandusky. A violent gust of wind drove them to a small island in the middle of this lake, inhabited by two Indian tribes. Mr. Johnson was there invited, with his friend, to a grand feast, given by a family in celebration of the recovery of an Indian lady. The feast consisted of a grand meal, preceded by a great deal of dancing around a large fire. Almost all the inhabitants of the island were invited. A small painted stick supplies, among the Indians, the use of our cards of invitation; and these dances, these banquets, and large fires, are religious rites, deemed by the Indians extremely efficacious in curing their sick: in all probability, they less obstruct their recovery, at least, than the prescriptions of many physicians might do.

Mr. Johnson reached Detroit on the 13th of June; and there separated from Mr. Duchoquet. The English governor ordered him to be conveyed across Lake Erie in a king's yacht. Thence he went, in another vessel, to the celebrated cataract of Niagara, to conceive an adequate idea of which, is beyond the powers of human fancy. From this stupendous water-fall, he proceeded, in a boat, along the banks of Lake Ontario, and thence on the river Oswego to Albany, New-York and Virginia, where, having been afflicted six weeks by fate, savages, and musquetoes, he rejoined his family, whom he had utterly despaired of ever seeing again; happy that so many sufferings terminated in this fortunate but unexpected event.

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES OF LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL INTELLIGENCE.

DOMESTIC.

AFTER a ſtorm of rain with thunder and lightning, on the evening of Saturday the 12th of April, the ſtreets of this city appeared covered with a yellow ſubſtance reſembling ſulphur. Several gentlemen made experiments upon this yellow duſt, and found that it poſſeſſed *none of the properties of ſulphur*, but was a vegetable ſubſtance, ſuppoſed the *pollen*, or fecundating duſt, of the pine foreſts of New-Jerſey. The ſame appearance of yellow duſt was alſo obſerved after the ſame ſtorm, on Long-Iſland, more than thirty miles from New-York.

Chaptal, in his Chemiſtry, mentions the vulgar notion of *ſulphur-ſhowers*, which are nothing but the *farina*, or yellow powder of the pine, carried to a diſtance by the wind.

In the Encyclopædia Britannica, article *Pinus*, it is ſaid that the farina, or yellow powder of the male flowers of the pine, is ſometimes, in the ſpring of the year, carried away by the winds in ſuch quantities, where the trees abound, as to alarm the ignorant with the notion of its raining brimſtone.

The literary productions of the laſt month ſeem wholly confined to one ſubject, the death of Waſhington.

FOREIGN.

Recent Diſcoveries in the Pacific Ocean.

EARLY in the preſent year (1799), the Hunter, an Engliſh veſſel, in her paſſage from New-Zealand to Calcutta, fell in with two ſtrange iſlands, and a very extenſive range of ſhoals, which not appearing in any chart extant, are preſumed to be diſcoveries, and are thus communicated by Captain Fearn.

"A ſmall iſland, of a conic figure and conſiderable height, lat. 22. 24. ſouth, long. 171. 50. eaſt, lying nearly eaſt, diſtant about twelve leagues from Mathew's Rock, which was ſeen at the ſame time. It is named Hunter Iſland.

"A beautiful little iſland, perhaps four miles long, latitude (by double altitude) 00. 20. ſouth, long. 167. 18. eaſt. This ſolitary ſpot was found extremely populous; although the neareſt known land is placed by the charts above ſix eqautorial degrees diſtant. The want of a meridional obſervation may have cauſed ſome error in latitude; but it is hoped not a great one. I named it Pleaſant Iſland.

"On the morning of the 16th November, 1798, the Hunter made Brown's Range, bearing in the N. W. and being unable to paſs to the eaſtward of them, we bore away to leeward. On approaching the ſouth point of the ſouthermoſt (Parry's) Iſland, it was perceived that a long narrow reef, or ſhoal, projected from that point under water, till it joined a low ſand iſland which ſhewed itſelf about ſix miles W. 1-2 N. from Parry's Iſles. This ſand key was ſucceeded by other keys and ſhoals, forming an uninterrupted chain of about thirty-five miles long, by the ſouth ſide of which, the Hunter ranged within a mile, and frequently half that diſtance, without any ſign of ſoundings. After running this track from an early till a late hour of the day, with the velocity of ſeven and eight miles an hour, in a direction weſterly to N. W. the courſe became clear; but the extent of this remarkable danger is yet unknown, as when it deviated from our track, we could trace it, taking a northerly direction, till loſt from our maſt head in the horizon.

"By a lunar obſervation, taken in ſight of Parry's Iſles, I agree, to a mile, with Captain Butler, of the Walpole, in making its longitude 162. 52. eaſt of Greenwich. Its latitude being 11. 21. north.

"On this chain, which occupies ſo large a ſpace, W. W. N. W. N. W. (and perhaps more north) from Parry's Iſles, there ſtand two Sand Iſlands, or Keys, having trees or ſhrubs on ſome parts of them. Theſe I have preſumed to call Eaſt and Weſt Danger Iſlands—expreſſive of their native and relative poſition. They form an appendage to Brown's Range, which bounds them on the eaſt."

POETRY.

A WORD-CHASE FINISHED.

CONUNDRUMS, art may make obſcure, no doubt,
But none of them I hold *paſt finding out;*
An hunted word, like hunted fox, may chance
To lead ſlow-witted hounds an endleſs dance;
But nature rarely makes *this* game ſo fleet
As to out-run my never-tired feet:
No craft her bounty on this race beſtows,
That can out-wit my perſpicacious noſe.
And now to prove my proweſs in the chaſe,
I hunt your word to its laſt hiding-place.

What once-a-day delights two parts in three
Of human kind, can it be aught but *tea?*
What every man procures, if he be able
To hew a log, can it be aught but *table?*
And why is two-legg'd man, who proudly walks,
Above the wiſeſt beaſt?—Becauſe he *talks.*
Though man his talking faculty may boaſt,
The greateſt fool is he—who talks the moſt.
If *table* kindly couple hands with *tea,*
Tea-table ſtraight, with link between, we ſee.
If rather *table* chuſe with *talk* to wed,
A *table-talk* betwixt them twain is bred.
If ſtill in wider bonds they wiſh to blend,
See in *tea-table-talk* their union end.

Now ſet your compaſs and lay flat your ſcale,
And meaſure ev'ry part from head to tail;
Will all the members duly act and fill
The place aſſigned? Believe me, Sir, they will.

From out of this, twelve current words you ſay
Are made at will? Now mark you me, I pray:
Your *tea,* and *talk,* and *table* then, will make
Full three of thoſe you ſeek, or I miſtake.
From theſe, if no obſtruction riſe to baulk,
Tea-table next proceeds and *table-talk.*
The talkative at table, large or ſmall,
We *table-talkative* may juſtly call.
And thoſe to whom *tea-table-talk* is ſame,
We next *tea-table-talkative* may name.
And *talkative,* though ſingly it may ſtand,
The praiſe of good ſound Engliſh to demand,
May gain in *neſs* one ſyllable, or more
If table, or tea-table, march before:
From talkative, thus *talkativeneſs* ſprings,
As kingli*neſs* denotes the guiſe of kings;
While *table-talkativeneſs* follows faſt,
There comes *tea-table-talkativeneſs* laſt.
An heptaſyllabic our eyes before
Appears, with letters one above a ſcore;
And now the chaſe is at an end, I ween,
Since boſom'd in one word, twelve words are ſeen.

ODE

To LUCAS GEORGE, *on his arrival at New-York from South-Carolina.*

By JOHN DAVIS.

QUICK wafted by the vernal gale,
Thy preſence here once more I hail,
And ſweep to ſounds of joy the ſtring:
Sacred to Phœbus be that day,
Which firſt inſpir'd my riſing lay,
Of friendſhip's pureſt joys to ſing.

Not Horace at the Appian way,
Partook more tranſport from the day
Which Maro to his arms reſtor'd;
Than I, in plenitude of ſoul,
For thee prepar'd the roſy bowl,
And to my bard libations pour'd.

Spare not the caſks I have in ſtore,
No more the ills of life deplore,
But ſcatter breathing flow'rs around:
Snatch the gay joys within thy pow'r,
Sacred to friendſhip be the hour,
Thy brows with wreaths of ivy crown'd.

To FLAVIA.

By the ſame.

WHY, ſweet nymph, that upheav'd ſigh,
Which thy lovely boſom rends?
Whence that penſive, downcaſt eye,
Whoſe magic glance ſoft tranſport ſends?

Sure thy roving thoughts recall
Some faithleſs lover to thy mind,
Whoſe heart thy charms did once enthrall,
But now inconſtant as the wind.
Ah! diſclaim his fickle love,
Chooſe ſome more deſerving ſwain;
The tale he whiſper'd in the grove,
Heed not when he tells again.

AD PUERUM.

By the ſame.

HERE, boy! the roſy wine prepare,
To toaſt the faireſt of the fair;
With wreaths of ivy crown my brows,
And let me near the ſtream carouſe;
Place by my ſide the trembling lyre,
I'll ſwell to ſofteſt ſtrains the wire;
Like Ennius beſt my verſe I roll,
When wine with tranſport fires my ſoul.

HORACE IMITATED.

Book II. Ode XXII.

By the ſame.

OH! for the poet's deathleſs fame!
Th' applauſe of diſtant worlds to claim,
And live through endleſs ſong:
Not kingly wealth could e'er redeem
Its owner from oblivion's ſtream,
To bards theſe rights belong!

Me, where *Potowmac* rolls its waves,
And *Waſhington*'s great city laves,
The youth ſhall oft recite:
And the fam'd banks of *Delaware*
Shall, echoing to my tender air,
Impart ſerene delight.

Let no bewailings mark my bier,
I only claim the gentle tear
That melts in friendſhip's eye:
Yet oft th' enthuſiaſts of ſong
Shall nightly come the tombs among,
And o'er me heave the ſigh.

ODE *to* LUCAS GEORGE.

Written in South-Carolina.

By the ſame.

THE ſmiling ſpring its bloſſoms pours,
And gaily paſs the circling hours,
The red-bird warbles from the ſpray,
The mocking-bird repeats the lay;
Each comely Grace, to muſick's ſound,
With feet alternate beats the ground;
The cheerful ſwain now tells his love,
Within the covert of the grove,
While birds and beaſts partake the flame,
And glowing joys all breaſts inflame.

Now, George, with wreaths of myrtle gay,
Entwine thy brows while ſmiles the day;
Or, crown'd with chaplets of the roſe,
Diſdain not hours of ſoft repoſe,
With cups of maſſic in the ſhade,
For eaſe and contemplation made;
But feſtive let thy moments flow,
And give to fickle winds thy woe,
While laughs the blooming ſpring around,
And flow'rs enamel all the ground.

SONNET

To CHARLOTTE SMITH.

Written at Savannah, in Georgia.

By the ſame.

BLEST Poeteſs! who tell'ſt ſo ſoft thy woe,
I love to ponder o'er thy mournful lay,
In climes remote, where wan, forlorn, and low,
To the waſh'd ſtrand I bend my liſtleſs way.
Now on Savannah's cliffs I wayward read,
In joy of grief, thy pity-moving ſtrain;
While ſmiles afar the variegated mead,
And not a wave diſturbs the tranquil main.
Like thee, the Muſe has from my infant hours,
With ſmiles alluring won me to thy grove;
Snatch'd, in a playful mood, ſome ſcatter'd flow'rs
To deck my head, gay emblems of her love:
But mine of light, deceitful hues are made,
While thine of bloom perennial ne'er will fade.

ODE

To the Honourable JUDGE GRIMKE, *of South-Carolina.*

By the ſame.

RETIR'D within fair *Belmont*'s bow'rs,
Where *Enoree* meand'ring flows;
Where Wiſdom conſecrates the hours,
And Nature all her gifts beſtows:
Treading on philoſophic ground,
Thy ſoul to noble thoughts reſign'd;
The laws of nations to expound,
Or fortify the human mind:
Say! can'ſt thou deign, thy bow'rs among,
To liſten to the airy Muſe;
To ponder o'er my humble ſong,
Nor to my lays thy praiſe refuſe?
Then to the ſkies I'll raiſe my head,
Since Grimké deigns my verſe to read.